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ART. I.

**Public Affairs.**

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THE rejoicings that took place on the signing of the treaty of Paris, owed more of their splendour and animation to the triumphant consideration of Buonaparte's having been overthrown, than to the more rational consideration of hostilities having ceased. Many who had been enriched through the war, were by no means averse to its continuance; some of them did not yet hate the tyrant; all of them still loved money. We will add, that comparatively few of our countrymen would have desired peace so anxiously as they did, had they foreseen that it would come unaccompanied with that plenty, with which, in expression at least, it is usually associated. Are we at peace even now? Shall we of the existing generation live to behold the reunion of the two sober cheerful sisters? One of them unhappily lingers at a distance, veiled in thick clouds. The other is turning her back upon us for a while; if the operations about to be carried on against the freebooters of Barbary deserve the name of war. However this may be, the contest with them will be one from which Great Britain can derive no martial glory, at the same time that it will contribute somewhat to her financial difficulties, and consequently to that load of taxes, of the weight of which many among us already complain so bitterly. It will, however, be allowed to be one, which it would have been inhuman, unchristian, and every way disgraceful in England to have declined. It will present a field in which the *Holy Alliance* may with singular pro-

priety be unfolded. And if it terminate—not indeed in the subjugation of the marauders, for that seems impracticable—but in their publicly disclaiming all right to make slaves, in their final relinquishment of every thing of the nature of tribute, and in the total destruction, or permanent occupation by the Christian powers, of all their harbours and maritime fortresses, our proportion of the expense will be borne cheerfully. What if the humane spirit which now sends the forces of so many nations to Algiers, should by and by direct them to Alexandria and Constantinople? At the former of these cities there has been—or is *said* to have been, a massacre of the Christians; and as all such heinous crimes ought to be avenged, we ought not to suspect the imperial protectors of Christianity of a wish to withhold their powerful interposition. Buonaparte often laid a foundation for the overthrow of a neighbouring state, in *the massacre of some of his own people!* Besides, it is reported that the Sultan objects strongly to any interference whatever with his African vassals, and would prevent it if he could. Now, though such reports are seldom wholly true, they usually convey the wishes of those with whom they originate. A rupture with the Porte would not be unacceptable to some of its neighbours.—But the contemplation of affairs at a distance we waive for the present, that we may have leisure to look into our own.

In different places at home, affairs have lately presented very different aspects. At court, there has been unusual gaiety; in the city, and throughout the country, unusual gravity; and both with sufficient reason. Few families, in any condition of life, have been less addicted to matrimony than the present royal family of England. Now, however, the spirit has moved them; and some thinking of their own wants, others of those of the nation, have contrived to fill all our palaces with joy and feasting. No fear needs now be entertained of a want of heirs to the throne, though some of the late unions do not promise a very numerous progeny. Add to this, that while there is a prospect of “the blessing of an heir,” the princes call for no augmentation of their revenues. Prince Cobourg seems satisfied with the small sum settled on him. The Duke of Cumberland, satisfied or dissatisfied, asks for nothing; and the Duke of Gloucester has furnished his friends, east of Temple-bar, with a theme of lasting praise, by declaring that, as his own income added to that of his princess, is *fully adequate to all their wants*, he desires

*nothing more.* Men's desires, and women's too, are sometimes moderated, by their having all they wish and all they want.\*

Nobody denies that affairs throughout these islands are, generally speaking, in a very perplexed, embarrassing state; although some very sagacious people have, if not very absurdly, at least very unnecessarily, been at pains to prove the existence of much perplexity and embarrassment.† Their real object, however, probably, was not to establish the fact; but only to inflame men's minds by the high colouring thrown upon it, as well as upon the assumed causes of it. But where could be the utility of demonstrating an acknowledged truth; or of a retrospect to causes from which no practical consequences could be deduced—after the accounts of the dominant parliamentary parties for the last dozen years had been closed? Pretty much in the same way that we know and acknowledge that there is a lamentable degree of poverty and distress in the country, we know and acknowledge that this has been a very rainy season, and that the excess of moisture has done a great deal of mischief. But the important question is not how much rain has fallen, or what can have caused the rain; but how the mischief occasioned by it may best be counterbalanced. And yet, to have accounted well for such a lasting fall, would have entitled the philosophers of the north to a much larger portion of praise, than they can merit for having only stated, in their way, what most people knew before. Nobody now cares a straw about the causes of the prevailing scarcity: but every body would be happy to have a rational account of that new action of the heavenly bodies, which could produce those southerly and westerly winds by which so many heavy clouds have been wafted to these islands; and also of the dimensions of those opaque portions of the sun's disk, which have lessened so sensibly the usual effects of his rays. The rains which occasioned Noah's deluge continued to fall for forty days: these rains have been falling upon us, though not without intermission, for nearly twice that space. But our rivers reach the sea much sooner than the far-fetched streams of Asia and Africa; and there are, in the western

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\* There is one—there is perhaps more than one member of his Majesty's family, who is entitled to the aid of parliament, *on the score of even-handed justice.*

† Edinburgh Review, No. LII.

world, no vast plains like those which characterise some parts of the east. We are therefore happily exempt from the inundations to which those regions are liable, the devastating effects of which we shall dread not a little, should we learn that the rains which have so long deprived us of light and heat, have been universal.

It is acknowledged on all hands, that no complete remedy can be found, either immediately or speedily, for the existing evils. This is discouraging; but it is not appalling. Time will doubtless produce an amelioration of circumstances, both of a commercial and of a financial nature; and to its healing influence we trust—feeling how discreditable it would be to be found wanting in this sort of confidence at such a crisis. During the recent struggle of nations, the capital, the enterprise, and the character of the British merchants, attracted to these shores almost the whole commerce of the world. But in proportion as our trade and profits became great, those of other nations became small; and a time having arrived when those nations can claim their natural rights, and hope to enjoy former advantages, envy in some measure, but dire necessity in a greater measure, have risen up and urged them to appropriate to their own use whatever they can possibly take back from us. The foreign markets, which we lately regulated, are, at length, in alien hands. This is the *revulsion* mentioned in one of the resolutions of the ill-assorted assemblage of the 29th of July, at the City of London tavern. By the way, the resolution alluded to places the *stagnation* of the home-trade before the revulsion of the foreign trade—the effect before the cause—a circumstance which we should not have had to notice, had the Duke of York been but nearly as good a critic as he is a commander-in-chief. But this is a venial error indeed.

In process of time we shall regain, not all the trade we enjoyed a few years ago, but a large share of it—enough to enable manufacturers and tradesmen to employ many more hands than they do at present, enough to justify merchants in sending out a good many more ships than can now be freighted. All this happily achieved, the stagnation at home will no longer be felt; the thousands who now want bread, because they want work, will be supplied with both. But if, while objects of enterprise are found for the merchant, and fresh activity created among manufacturers and tradesmen, and consequently among agriculturists, the public expenditure be considerably diminished—nay, and the public bur-

dens so lightened that every man may move under his own without feeling it irksome ; the means of subsistence will become easy of attainment, dissatisfaction will no longer be expressed by the middling classes of men—the disaffected will be silenced, the riotous stilled. This is a consummation most devoutly to be wished : but it is not more natural to wish for it, than it is rational, under all the circumstances of the country, to expect it.

To most people, government seems to be going too far in trying to effect petty savings, by which humble individuals must be distressed, while the nation is by no means materially benefited. We know the clamour which their parliamentary opponents have set up on very general grounds, and tried, not without success, to propagate. It became them, however, to have yielded to no motive but that of the public good : and they ought to have avoided nothing more anxiously than permitting an idea to go abroad of their having allowed themselves to be forced to the adoption of any set of measures. These, by the way, do not deserve the name of *measures* ; they are but unworthy *expedients*—mere *shifts*. The displacing of placemen is not, abstractedly considered, that to which we object—it is the taking away of daily bread from those whose humble offices are the sole means of their subsistence, while men very rich, independently of all official employment, are suffered to retain their appointments. The abolition of certain sinecure places would, no doubt, be some relief to the nation ; and we beg leave to say, that if there be instances of valuable sinecures being held by men of large fortunes, who have not already done much for the nation, and who now do nothing at all for it, the pruning-knife ought forthwith to be applied to their incomes. After all, we would have it to be duly considered, whether, in some instances, it would be decorous in government to recommend such defalcation ; whether, in many instances, it would not be unjust in the legislature to enforce it. Must the sinecurist, then, continue to grow richer and richer, while almost all besides are every day becoming poorer and poorer ? No : but the sacrifice which he makes must be voluntary. And who knows what a powerful effect may be produced by the eloquence of public distress, co-operating with the consideration of the good that may result from a noble example. Some of the great sinecures are hereditary : all of them, as far as we can judge, are enjoyed by men actuated by a sense of honor and public spirit.

It is the army which now eats us up; and nothing but the reduction of its expenses to a moderate sum can bring the general expenditure within tolerable limits. This reduction must be made chiefly in France and Ireland. In the former, where, by the way, the greater part of the expense is now borne by the French, nothing whatever can be done in the way of retrenchment, till the arrival of the period fixed in the treaty for preserving the peace of France, i.e. of Europe: and even then, the allies may not judge it prudent to withdraw all their forces. In the latter, almost any degree of retrenchment may safely take place, provided that wise measures be seasonably adopted with regard to the Catholics. We are happy to be told that such measures are now seriously contemplated; and that, instead of being biassed by the opinions of that incessantly misled body of men, the parliament is likely to legislate for them just as it does for other great bodies, and to grant them at once, whether they ask it or not, every thing really essential to their freedom civil and religious. This will be generous as it regards them; it will be wise as it regards the general tranquillity; and it will be eminently conducive to the comforts and conveniences of the mass of the people. The amount of the pay and clothing of twenty thousand men, taken from the taxes of one year, will go a great way towards rendering an irksome load tolerable. The two islands now maintain fifty thousand regulars; by and by, thirty thousand will be found more than sufficient.

From the abolition then of offices distinguished from all others by the magnitude of their emoluments and the insignificance of the duties attached to them, something may be done for the public in the space of half a year. In the same space may be made the whole of the reduction of the forces that can safely be attempted; and as for the return of commerce and domestic traffic into their wonted channels, that also may be looked for at no distant period. These events would be improvements in the condition of the nation, of the advantages of which all would partake. But it seems there are classes of men, the supply of whose wants cannot await the tardy approach of such events: and hence the recent meeting at one of the city-taverns, together with the ordinary and extraordinary proceedings that took place at it.

Lord Cochrane was an orator on that occasion. He had formerly parted with his coat to De Beringer; he now lends

himself, soul and body, to the Westminster reformers. But his parliamentary colleague did not hold forth ; nor yet did Mr. Waithman, or the Lord Mayor, or Colonel Cartwright. Perhaps, they did not attend ; or, if they did, they were ashamed to see a man, whom they called *friend*, making shipwreck of the very small remains of his public character, in a wicked attempt to paralyse at once the tongue of benevolence and the hand of charity. Whether he has done much mischief, or not, we cannot tell. He is, at least, allowed the merit of having, in the face of his country, done all that he possibly could ; and that too without having ready wit enough to employ an innocent expedient for redeeming his crime. It was not to be expected that he who had paid so dear for his funded property, should give up half of it inconsiderately and of a sudden. But, when about to call upon others to do so, he might have said to a few of the principal persons around him, " Now, gentlemen, if you will subscribe a moiety of your funded property, I will follow your example." In this way he might, without much risk, have gained some credit, and thrown some discredit on those he addressed. But he attained neither object, and retired without either manifesting a spirit of charity himself, or being able to repress it in others. His lordship seems to want " those bowels of compassion," which the majority of the meeting at the London Tavern appear to have possessed. Of the quality of their charity, all think extremely well ; but it mortifies us to have to remark on the scantiness of its fruits. Men of twenty, thirty, and forty thousand a year have subscribed ; but, with the exception of members of the Royal Family, and of John Julius Angerstein, Esquire, no man has had the heart to go beyond two hundred pounds ! To relieve the crying necessities of the poor, Lord Milton has given something less than the *five hundredth part* of what he once expended on a contested election ! Yet his pittance is not without importance, as it places him in an amiable light, and sets him above the most affluent of his political associates. The defence offered for this unfortunate limitation of a temporary charity, is not that diminution of income which almost every family, high and low, experiences ; but, forsooth, the fear of setting an example which might deter others from subscribing ; and an opinion that, if every body were to give a little, the whole would eventually amount to more than if only a few were to lay down large sums. But nobody, one should think, would be deterred from imitation,

but rather allured to it, by beholding a fine display of generosity ; and as for every body, of every party, manifesting his benevolence at the same time, in the same way, and for the same *politic*, if not *political*, purpose, it is quite absurd to expect it. Lord Cochrane made this evident before the first meeting broke up ; and the inconsiderable amount of the subscription at this hour (Aug. 17th) excites an apprehension that, if the subscribers obtain much praise, not a little of it will be owing to their benevolent motives and kind compassionate expressions. So much the more culpable are the Westminster representative and those *friends of the people* who strove to mar the business in the first instance, and whose consciences have since suggested nothing in the shape of an acceptable atonement. Yet the institution will, in the pure hands by which its affairs are directed, be found a source of good not solely to the lowest order in society—but to every order in it. Supposing it to have at its disposal, at one time or another, only £200,000: with this sum it can remove the urgent wants, and mitigate the sufferings of many an honest deserving individual. But every individual thus raised above want, is one prevented from throwing himself and family on his parish ; and every instance of such prevention is a benefit conferred on all who are liable to taxation. Nor is this all : A riot—an insurrection—may be checked in its commencement, by the judicious use of a few thousand pounds ; and although the magistracy throughout the United Kingdom are now alive to a sense of their important duties, occasions may arise when all their vigilance and address may be found insufficient. The conservation of the peace, internal as well as external, is, however, one that belongs properly and principally to government. Be it so. It is the duty also of government to discourage and prevent emigration—the practice of which is, at this juncture, carried on in both these islands—among all the classes of men who want employment, to a degree truly alarming. But the government is not rich ; and, whether it will or not, it must be economical ; and if the association of which we speak should, at any time, by a wise allotment of the means it may possess, aid essentially either in preserving peace in the districts disposed to act irregularly, or in diverting men's minds from those fatal illusions by which they are led to abandon their native land, government will have cause to be thankful—the whole nation reason to be grateful. Nothing that can contribute towards gratifying those who are dissatisfied either

with their country, or with their condition in it, can justly be considered as foreign to the object of a national charitable fund.

From the temperate discussion which the important subject of the AGRICULTURAL DISTRESSES of the country underwent, some time ago, in a Committee of the House of Commons, it has been clearly shewn, that the cause of this distress is not to be found in the pressure of taxation; in the large amount of the poor's rates; in the mode of collecting tithes; in the restriction of cash-payments; in the importation of foreign corn—or in any single circumstance: but in the complication of these, with a variety of other circumstances, all tending to produce the same effect.—At the head of these is the increase of agricultural produce, not merely through improved methods of cultivation, but by the enclosure of tracts of land greater than the increase of population required. Within these last twenty-five years the population has increased 3,000,000 of souls; and the quantity of land reduced to tillage in that time amounts to 2,000,000 of acres—to say nothing of the additional quantity of corn which is now raised from the land then in a state of cultivation.—Another cause of the distress of the actual tenants of farms, is the inconvenience and loss sustained through the failure of country bankers, who were always ready to accommodate tenants on the security of their leases. These were valid effects in the hands of creditors, when the farmers failed in the payment of their notes, which, with many of them, were nearly the only medium of exchange.

But it is always of more importance to devise a remedy for any evil, than merely to trace the causes of it: and to this object the Committee has directed its chief attention. Every body knows that parliament can do a great deal towards lessening the existing distress; but nobody ought to suppose that it can do every thing. There seems to be two leading principles, by one or other of which the application of all remedies must be guided. Either the price of labour and of all the necessities of life, must be reduced to correspond with the present low price of agricultural produce; or this produce must be raised to a value proportionate to that labour and those necessities. Now these objects we believe to be beyond the power of parliament to effect, unless it proceed to make regulations for the rate of wages and the profits of trade, which it has not hitherto ventured to make, and which, if made, could never be carried into execution. At this very

moment, though the lower orders of people have expressed great alarm at a small rise in the price of provisions, they every where strive to prevent their employers from lowering their wages—at the same time that they cannot deny, that they were raised in consequence of the necessities of life having been at nearly double the price at which they may now be procured.

Nothing, it is plain, can be done for the effectual relief of the agriculturist, unless he be enabled either to cultivate at a much smaller expense, or to bring his produce to a more advantageous market.

To enable him to cultivate at a smaller expense, several expedients have been recommended—such as facilitating the raising of money by a repeal of the *usury laws*; the modelling of the *tithe system*, the gradual abolition of *poor's rates*; permission to export *British sheep and wool*, &c.; and we need not add, that the expediency of imposing several protecting duties has not escaped the notice of parliament.

To enable him to bring his commodities to a better market, it is necessary that he should be protected against an unequal competition with the inhabitants of those countries, in which rent and labour being much cheaper, the produce of the land can be afforded at a much lower rate. This may be done by an absolute prohibition of the importation of any article of foreign growth; or by laying a duty on its importation, which, if it do not amount to a prohibition, will, at least, allow the produce of a foreign soil no advantage over ours in our own markets. With respect to corn, a middle course has been pursued—by forbidding its importation until that of our own growth shall fetch such a price, as may be considered sufficient to leave to the farmer as large a profit for the capital employed in its cultivation, as he has a fair right to expect. We all recollect the clamour raised against the bill by which this provision was made; but we may now safely ask the loudest of its opponents, what mischief has it produced?

The legislature never interferes, but in cases of great emergency, with what are called the necessities of life. It has, however, thought proper to take into consideration the state of the markets for *butter* and *cheese*—the former of which articles forms so principal a part of the trade of Ireland, that, in the course of last year, it constituted nearly a seventh part of her whole export. Until that period, the proportion

of butter imported into England from foreign parts was not a sixth of the quantity brought from Ireland; but since the return of peace has permitted the free introduction of Dutch butter, the scale has been so completely turned, that the Committee have recommended the quadrupling of the present duty of five shillings per cwt. on foreign butter; and a bill has accordingly been passed to that effect.—Another bill has been passed, imposing a duty on cheese, which will tend greatly to benefit the holders of dairy-farms in our own country. As a recommendation of these measures, it ought never to be forgotten, that the manufacture of butter and cheese employs many industrious females, who might otherwise be added to the number of those who have been forced into the paths of vice and infamy.

But there are articles, the propriety of taxing which is not quite so obvious. Among these are *linseed*, *rapeseed*, and *foreign wool*. In affording relief to the agricultural interest, great care must always be taken, that it be not done to the injury of the merchant and the manufacturer. No objects could be presented to the consideration of the legislature requiring a more cautious examination than propositions calculated to affect the great nursery of our seamen—the whale-trade; and the trade in wool, which we are accustomed to call the staple manufacture of the country.

On the importation of the seeds from which oil is manufactured, the Select Committee wisely recommended so considerable an addition to the present duty as ten pounds a last; and their recommendation has had its due weight. When it is considered that from eight hundred thousand to a million acres of fen-land are set apart for the cultivation of rape and linseed, it cannot be maintained that the introduction of this species of produce from foreign countries in large quantities, would not be highly prejudicial to the interests of those of our countrymen who are engaged in its growth—in a tract of country too, which must otherwise remain an unfruitful noxious waste. Add to this, that those embarked in the whale-trade have proved that, without such a protecting duty as shall prevent the oil expressed from seeds obtaining a decided advantage over that obtained from fish, from ten to twelve thousand of our seamen will be thrown out of their proper employment. As a reason for resisting the regulation, it has been stated, that it may be the means of encreasing the price of a yard of superfine cloth a whole *farthing*—and the *fraction of a farthing*! Notwith-

standing this same weighty reason, only five members of the House of Commons voted against the regulation.

The same committee have made their report on foreign wool; in which they state, in substance, that having found, from an investigation of the price of wool for the last twenty years, that it has greatly increased within the last ten, they do not view it as connected with the present agricultural distress; and consequently they conclude, that no alteration in the existing laws is requisite. But this conclusion is far from having given satisfaction to many who are supposed to be conversant with the nature and causes of the difficulties which most people are so anxious to remove. Indeed we cannot help thinking, that though the free permission to import, and the absolute prohibition from exporting wool, may not have been a cause of the present agricultural distress, some modification of the existing laws might contribute towards removing the evil. With this impression upon our mind, we venture just to hint, that the trifling duty of sixpence or a shilling per pound on the importation of Spanish wool, might do something for the improvement of our own breed of sheep, without endangering the preference which the fine cloths manufactured in this country from foreign materials, at present obtain in the continental markets;—the superiority of our machinery, and the skill of our workmen, being such as to enable us, for a considerable time, to defy competition.

The principal objection to prohibitory and protecting duties, viz. That they may encourage other countries to retaliate—by refusing admission into their markets of our produce and manufactures, is already answered by those countries having set us the example. In whatever direction we cast our eyes, we find nations pursuing the obvious policy of encouraging the consumption of articles produced or made at home. In America, for instance, all cotton goods imported from Europe are subjected to a duty of a third of their value, because the manufactories established there could not otherwise drag on their weary existence. By the new Russian tariff, printed cottons are absolutely prohibited; as are linens for a while, and rum permanently. Sugars, silks, and certain descriptions of woollen cloths, are excepted; but evidently because these are commodities which the extensive rising empire of the north cannot itself supply. To afford every encouragement to the productions of his own states, the emperor has issued an ukase, directing that all the clothing of his army shall hereafter be made of cloth manufac-

ture in Russia, instead of that which had previously been imported from England. In France, too, we find the adoption of a similar system recommended; and the government is preparing to lay a heavy duty upon all cotton stuffs imported; which, say the supporters of the measure, "it will be in vain attempting to prohibit, as, from the perfection of their machinery, the extent of their capital, and the number of skilful hands they can employ, the English can manufacture these goods so cheap as, for the present, to prevent us entering into any thing like a competition with them." To give every advantage to their own manufactures, it is recommended to the parliament not to lay a heavy duty upon the raw material; though, even thus early, they do not insist on its being liable to none. And so anxious are the French politicians to encourage the consumption of their own produce, that some of them have gravely recommended *brandy* as a more wholesome patriotic beverage than *tea*. This singular taste may, perhaps, create a smile on the countenances of some old ladies; but it ought, nevertheless, to impress upon the minds of us all the necessity of adopting that sound national policy—on the utility of which our neighbours have, for sometime, been reading us a lesson.

How far it might, on the whole, be wise to license the exportation of English sheep and wool, we are not fully prepared to state. That such license would be advantageous to the farmer, nobody can long doubt. But the manufacturer would, as usual, be sadly alarmed, and parliament would be petitioned; yet, if this were all, the general good ought—and would be consulted—were the subject once seriously taken up.

In a quarterly journal of the day, in which Mr. Brougham's influence is decidedly greater than that of Mr. Western, there is an *Essay on the Distresses of the Country*, (written with far less party spleen than that journal usually exhibits,) one of the great objects of which is, to recommend the cultivation of *tobacco* in these islands. The essayist reminds us of the primary reason for prohibiting the cultivation of that article in this country, namely, a wish to give all possible encouragement to the American provinces; and he points out the absurdity of continuing that prohibition, now that the American tobacco plantations are in foreign hands. This subject cannot be unworthy the attention of parliament. We owe nothing to the partiality of the good folks of Virginia and Maryland: and we may venture to predict,

that the legislators of the United States will not soon be found incommoding their own farmers and manufacturers, for the sake of benefiting ours.

On the subject of TITHES, we have already given it as our opinion, that the law, as it relates to them, is supported by the practice of so many ages, and is founded on the precepts of a code of so much higher authority than that to which any human system can lay claim, that no material alteration should be attempted, but with the greatest caution. We cannot therefore be otherwise than pleased to find, that most of the members of parliament who have taken part in the discussions of this subject, have fully admitted that the holder of tithes, be he a clerical or a lay impropriator, has as complete an interest in his property as any land proprietor whatever. An interest so vested cannot be taken from him without his consent, any more than can an interest in the hereditary or the purchased estates of those who complain of the grievance of being compelled to pay the clergy their dues. Nay, we have the authority of an honourable and learned gentleman, not remarkable for either the readiness of his admissions or the veneration in which he holds the priestly office, for asserting, that, notwithstanding the rigour which they are sometimes charged with employing, the clergy do not, in reality, receive a *fourth part* of the proportion of produce which they might justly claim. Let us beware, then, how we diminish that *fourth*—especially as it is of the nature of that revenue which was set apart for spiritual purposes nearly five thousand years ago. Let us not forget, that the first blow struck by the authors of the French Revolution, was against the revenues of the church. It must not however be supposed that, because we deprecate any inconsiderate measure for the commutation of tithes, we are hostile to all attempts at rendering the mode of collecting them more agreeable to those who pay them. We approve of the recommendation of the committee of the House of Commons to give to the proprietors of tithes, the power of letting them on lease, for a certain term of years, to the occupiers of the land. This would be an equitable provision; and guarded as it is proposed that it should be against the possibility of injury to future incumbents—by giving the ordinary, and the patron, a voice in all contracts—we are convinced that its adoption would prove beneficial and acceptable to all parties. The bishop would, in such a case, have to appoint a surveyor, to certify on oath, that

the rent reserved by the lease was a fair and just equivalent for the tithes;—and it is very properly suggested that no other consideration should be taken, than annual rent duly certified and approved.

We shall now glance at two important alterations in the laws, which have been proposed as means of benefiting alike the commercial and the agricultural interest. We allude to the repeal of the *usury laws*, and the act for the relief of *insolvent debtors*. The former measure seems to be a great favourite with certain members of the House of Commons; and we are fully aware that it has the sanction of a writer whose opinions are entitled to high respect: But great as is the esteem in which we hold the talents of Mr. Jeremiah Bentham, we must be excused if, both as a political economist and a lawyer, we pronounced him a mere theorist, though decidedly the first of the class in which he has taken his station. We shall point out a few of the practical inconveniences which will inevitably result from leaving the rate of interest to find its own level, as those gentlemen term it. We admit that there are seasons at which a speculating merchant could well afford to give fifty per cent. for the loan of money. But if the law allow him to borrow at this rate to day without risk to the lender, the law-makers must bear in mind, that, for the sake of driving a capital bargain, or of saving his credit, he may to-morrow borrow at cent. per cent., and eventually ruin himself and half his honest creditors. Usurers, as they term men who lend money at the highest interest they can obtain, will have good security for their advances; and, in many cases, will get the merchant's goods in pledge, and thus have a lien on them, which will secure their full debt with interest, whilst it leaves the other claimants on the estate with a dividend of perhaps a few pence in the pound, if indeed it amount to any thing. In the case of mortgages, if they may be granted on any terms, the principal object of entails upon landed estates will be defeated; and extravagant heirs, and all those who, in fact, are but tenants for life, will encumber them with such an exorbitant interest, that they never can be redeemed. A very little experience in our courts of law will be sufficient to satisfy any one, that, whilst such securities can be offered for advances of money at any rate of interest, few people will be content to take the poor five per cent. which the public funds hold out.—Instead of giving any relief to the landed interest, a measure of this sort must add to its

depression; for, admitting that money may be readily had at ten per cent. instead of five, the land which is purchased and cultivated at the higher rate, will be worth only about half what it would have been worth had the old standard been preserved.

The repeal of the Insolvent Debtors' Act is a measure of a different character. This humane experiment, for it never was considered in any other light, has now had a fair trial, and has completely failed. It has been tried just long enough to confound the honest debtor with the unprincipled sharper; and to teach the latter how to defraud his creditors to the greatest amount, and then to laugh at them with the greatest impunity. We have no doubt of its being speedily repealed; and we hope that it is the last attempt that will be made to introduce the *cessio bonorum* of the Roman law, into the code of a nation differing as much in character, habits, and pursuits, from the uncommercial people for whom it was framed, as light does from darkness.

To conclude, the distress which so many who do not complain feel, and which many who lament incessantly have never felt, must, in reason, be expected to prevail, more or less, for years to come. For how many years we know not; for we cannot adopt the conclusions of those idle statesmen who declaim so often, and, no doubt, for *the exclusive benefit and prosperity of the nation*. A sagacious proprietor of land, or an experienced merchant, assuming that the peace will be durable, might form a plausible conjecture as to the period when matters will once more go well with him: But if all be well with the landholder, nothing will be wrong with the farmer; if the merchant be profitably employed, the manufactories will be full of business, the retail shops full of customers. As for mere helpless paupers, such are the benevolent institutions formed and every day forming throughout the country, that no description of persons have the prospect of such early and comparatively effectual relief as they have. And with regard to that second class of persons, who have little money, but are both able and willing to labour, the lot which awaits them seems far from being of an unfavourable kind, being, wherever it shall appear much wanted and well deserved, pecuniary aid till employment become abundant; when employment does become abundant, ample wages for as much work as they can perform; and, in due time, through means of the saving banks, even a property in the stock of the Bank of England.

ART. II.—*Travels of Ali Bey, in Morocco, Tripoli, Cyprus, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Turkey; between the Years 1803 and 1807.* Written by Himself, and illustrated by Maps and numerous Plates. Two vols. 4to. Longman and Co. 1816.

WE are somewhat surprised that the publishers of this work, fully convinced as they would have us believe them to be of its authenticity and intrinsic value, should have taken the trouble to enter into so laborious, and, as it should seem, so unnecessary an assurance to the public, that the performance they lay before it is the genuine production of a real entity called Ali Bey. It is true there are sceptics who have an awkward habit of asking blunt plain questions; and they may be disposed in the present instance to put a few embarrassing interrogations.—Who was Ali Bey?—Whence came he?—What was the real object of his travels? There certainly are circumstances attendant upon this *soi-disant* Ali Bey, which may reasonably justify them, if they avow their suspicions that the chief part of his scientific and descriptive remarks, like M. D'Amberger's Travels through Africa from the Cape of Good Hope, were framed a considerable time after the actual fruit of his wanderings was safely transmitted to his private employers. A man of Ali Bey's pretended acquirements would be such a phenomenon in the country of which he states himself to be a native, that he could not have left it without being greatly missed. The publication of his travels under a feigned name could not hide him from his countrymen, granting that it was from them he wished to conceal himself; and why should he adopt any disguise against enlightened Europeans, unless it be from the consciousness of his being engaged in an undertaking in which the sciences have very little share? It is not uncharitable to the author to suppose that he is only acting a part, as that may be some apology for the vanity and self-sufficiency which he continually displays; though in proportion as this supposition shall gain ground, the most interesting parts of his narrative will decrease in value, until his account of the temples at Mecca and at Jerusalem, with all the ceremonies of sweeping the Cahaba, at last scarcely excite a warmer interest in the reader than what was inspired by the ingenious George Psalmanazar's

description of the Island of Formosa, just after it was discovered *that he had never been there.*

In all assumed characters there is an affected simplicity, a kind of overacting, by which they unconsciously betray themselves,—as in the construction of enigmas there is always one line or sentence that tends to disclose the secret which the others have endeavoured to keep in obscurity. The letters of Espriella, by their continual reference to the Catholic religion, mixed with the “praise undeserved” which is “censure in disguise,” betrayed the lurking irony of a heretic: and Ali Bey would appear to us a better Mussulman, if he did not on all occasions make an ostentatious display of his reverence for “the prophet,” excepting when that shortness of memory which sometimes accompanies great genius, betrays him into the promulgation of opinions somewhat at variance with the tenets of the Koran. Nevertheless, though it may be difficult to speak of Ali Bey as he is, we shall proceed to speak of him as he appears; and in doing so we shall “nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.”

In 1802 Ali Bey was in London; in 1803 he sailed from Spain to Morocco, where he remained till October 1805, and then embarked at Larisch for Tripoli. In January, 1806, he sailed for Cyprus, where he continued two months, and arrived at Alexandria the ensuing May. In October he went to Cairo, in December to Suez, and from that place sailed to Jeddo. He proceeded on the Mahomedan pilgrimage to Mecca. He returned to Cairo in June; went with the caravan to Jerusalem in July; and from thence to Acre, Mount Carmel, Nazareth, the sea of Gallilee, the river Jordan, Damascus, and Aleppo. At the end of October, 1807, he visited Constantinople; whence he made his way through Adrianople; then over Mount Hæmus, and across the Danube to Bucharest in Wallachia, where he takes his leave of the reader.

Ali Bey's remarks on Morocco contain nothing new. He confirms the accounts of other travellers, respecting the hardships inflicted upon the Jews by the Moors, whose method of administering justice, as they call it, among themselves, is not, according to his statement, particularly adapted to give them any very clear notions of right and wrong.

“The Kaïd, lying on a carpet and some cushions, prepares to hear both parties, who are placed squatting down near the door of the hall, and the discussion begins. Sometimes the Kaïd and the parties begin speaking, or rather howling aloud, all together, for a quarter of an hour, and without

any possibility of understanding each other, till the soldiers, who are always standing behind the parties, strike them violently with their fists, to make them silent. The Kaïd then pronounces his judgment, and directly afterwards both the parties are turned out of doors by the soldiers with redoubled blows, and the sentence is executed without remission."

No written documents of any judicial proceedings are preserved; the secretary has neither office nor records; the Kaïd has nothing to govern him in his judgments but his own sense of right and wrong, and it may be owing to a modest mistrust of his ability that he endeavours to observe such an impartial mode of procedure between the accuser and the accused.

Ali Bey became a great favourite, according to his own account, with the saints at Tangier, particularly with the rogues who acknowledged to him in confidence that they were playing characters which did not belong to them. He does not inform us whether this communication was reciprocal, and we do not wish to inquire on what foundation the sympathy between them rested. As a specimen of our author's general manner of speaking of himself, the following sentence will not be unamusing.

"Soon after my arrival at Tangier, *my* situation became sufficiently agreeable: the first visit which was paid to *me* was by the Kadi *Sidi Abderahman Infarrash*: *my* prediction of the eclipse of the sun, which was to take place on the 17th of August, and of which I had traced the figure as it would be seen in its greatest darkness; the appearance of *my* carriages and *my* instruments, which arrived from Europe in a vessel; *my* presents to the Kadi, to the Kaïd, as also to the principal characters there; *my* liberality towards others; all these circumstances contributed to fix on me the general attention, and in a very short time *I* attained a decided superiority over all the strangers, and even over all the persons of distinction in the town."—Vol. I. p. 41.

Happy man! Yet how unstable is worldly greatness! This regulator of the stars, this favourite of kadis and of kaïds, was shortly after mortally affronted, by an order from his Moorish Majesty that he should wind up the clocks, and give out the hours for canonical prayers. Swift would have made a lively picture had such a misfortune befallen his Man-Mountain.

The author gives a minute and not uninteresting account of the isle of Cyprus; though he seems to have looked there in vain for any remains of that female beauty for which it was once famed.

When he arrives in Egypt, it is very easy to perceive in his remarks a disposition to exalt the conduct of the French

during their sojourn in that country. According to his account, it would have been much better for it had they remained there: it certainly would have been much better for every other. At Cairo he complains that his house was so situated that he could not observe the course of the winds, which is a remark singular enough for a philosopher; and another remark about some crows which he observed to go out early in the morning for food, and return at night to their nests with great clamour, is no less so for a naturalist. We should have been more surprised had they staid quietly at home, in the mute practice of abstinence. Several of his observations in Egypt, on minor points, betray either carelessness or ignorance. He says there is a village at the foot of the great pyramid; yet this village is at least four miles beyond it. His notions of distance and of magnitude may have been somewhat confused by the contemplation of these enormous structures. His account of the method of planting melons will strike most persons who have seen the process as not being the mode generally practised:—in short, his pretensions to general knowledge are much too high for his attainments. It is in remarks of a political kind that he chiefly shines, and it is to them, probably, that his attention was chiefly directed. His account of the Mahometan religion and its ceremonials, compared to which Catholicism is simplicity itself, is interesting enough, and no doubt tolerably correct; though, after all, when a person is certain of not being contradicted, it is easy to speak with that confidence which to many carries the air of indubitable truth; and throughout the whole of his description of the temple of Mecca, and the sacred office of sweeping the Kaaba, which is thought to be the most honourable that can be offered to a Mahometan to perform, there runs a remarkable tone of solemn banter, which to us sufficiently proves that the temple has been at least once polluted by the presence of an unbeliever. Ali Bey knows too much for the character he would represent: his literature is unquestionably considerable; and Mahomet was wise enough to consider that the more he could discourage learning among his followers, the more likely they were to give implicit credit to his doctrines, and to wonder at the depth of his attainments.

As our readers, however, may wish to judge for themselves, we will lay before them an account of this ceremony of the “Purification of the House of God,” as it is termed, in our author’s own words.

"On Thursday the 29th of January, and on the 20th of the month Doulkaada, the Kaaba was washed and purified with the following ceremonies.

"Two hours after sun-rise the Sultan Scherif went to the temple, accompanied by about thirty persons, and twelve negro and Arabian guards. The door of the Kaaba was already open, and surrounded with an immense number of people. The staircase was not placed. The Sultan Scherif got upon the shoulders and heads of the multitude, and entered with the principal Scheiks of the tribes. Those below wished to do the same; but the guards prevented them, by beating them with their sticks. I staid at a distance from the door, to avoid the crowd, and in a short time received an order from the Scherif of the well to advance to the door, where he stood making signs to me. But how could I get through the crowd that stood between us?

"All the water-carriers in Mecca were advancing with their vessels full of water, which they passed from hand to hand, until they reached the guards at the door. They also passed a great number of very small brooms made of the leaves of palm-trees, in the same manner. The negroes began to throw the water upon the marble pavement of the Kaaba; they also cast rose-water upon it, which, flowing out at a hole under the door, was caught with great avidity by the Faithful. But, as it did not run out fast enough to satisfy the wants of those at a distance, who were desirous to obtain it, they cried out for some of it to drink, and to wash themselves with. The negroes with cups, and with their hands, threw it in quantities over them. They were civil enough to pass a small pitcher and a cup full of it to me, of which I drank as much as possible, and poured the rest out myself; for although this water is very dirty, it is a benediction of God, and is, besides, much perfumed with rose-water.

"I at last made an effort to approach: several persons raised me up, and after walking upon the heads of several others, I arrived at the door, where the negro-guards helped me to get in.

"I was prepared for the operation, for I had on only my shirt, a caschaba, or a shirt of white wool without sleeves, my turban, and the khaik that covered me.

"The Sultan Scherif swept the hall himself. Immediately after I entered, the guards took off my khaik, and presented me a bundle of small brooms, some of which I took in each hand, and at the instant they threw a great deal of water upon the pavement; I began my duty, by sweeping with both hands, with an ardent faith, although the floor was quite clean, and polished like glass. During this operation, the Scherif, who had finished, began to pray.

"They gave me afterwards a silver cup, filled with a paste made of the saw-dust of sandal-wood, kneaded with the essence of roses; and I spread it upon the lower part of the wall that was encrusted with marble, under the tapestry which covered the walls and the roof, and also a large piece of alooe-wood, which I burned in a large chafing-dish, to perfume the hall.

"After I had finished all these things, the Sultan Scherif proclaimed me Khaddem Beit Allahel Harem, or Servant of the Forbidden House of God, and I received the congratulations of all the assistants.

"I recited my prayers in the three first corners, as upon my first entering, and thus entirely completed my duties, whilst I attended to this pious work. The sultan withdrew a short time after."—Vol. II. p. 59.

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"On Tuesday the 3d of February,—25th of the month Doulhanda, they cut that part of the black cloth that surrounded the door and the bottom of the building, which completed the ceremony which is called Inharmoel Beit Allah, or the Purification of the House of God.

"During the operation, all the assistants of the Temple tried to obtain some bits of this cloth, which they divided into smaller ones to make a sort of relic, to give to the pilgrims as a present, who are expected to return the favour by some gratification. I received so much of it that—God be thanked!"—Vol. II. p. 60.

The pilgrimage to Mount Arafat, or the mountain of light, where Mahomet is supposed by his followers to have received the first chapter of the Koran from the angel Gabriel, is well described; as are the meeting of the pilgrims, and the ceremonies of their sanctification. Yet which of our readers will not detect the sly inuendo of the author in the following assertion.

"Mount Arafat is the principal object of the pilgrimage of the Mussulmen; and several doctors assert that, if the house of God ceased to exist, the pilgrimage to the former would be completely meritorious, and would produce the same degree of satisfaction. This is my opinion likewise."—

Vol. II. p. 68.

According to the ritual, the pilgrims are to wait upon the mountain till the sun-set, and then to repair with all speed to Mordelifa, at the distance of a two hours' journey of common speed, to repeat the prayer which belongs to the last moment of twilight, that is, an hour and a half after sun-set.

"We waited upon the mountain," says Ali Bey, "for the period of the sun's setting: the instant it occurred, what a tremendous noise! let us imagine an assemblage of eighty thousand men, two thousand women, and a thousand little children, sixty or seventy thousand camels, asses, and horses, which at the commencement of night began to move in a quick pace along a narrow valley, according to the ritual, marching one after another, in a cloud of sand, and delayed by a forest of lances, guns, swords, &c.; in short, forcing their passage as they could. Pressed and hurried on by those behind, we only took an hour and a half to return to Mordelifa, notwithstanding it had taken us more than two hours to arrive in the morning."—Vol. II. p. 70.

The next day they were equally busy in throwing stones at a house erected by the devil, maliciously enough, on a high and rocky ledge, which it cost the faithful infinite trouble to ascend in order to take proper aim at this country-residence of the prince of darkness.

The temple at Mecca is described with great exactitude; but wherever the author piques himself on his hereditary advantages, we feel less inclined to annex importance to the information which he pretends to be able to com-

municate in consequence of it. His remarks on the present wretched state of Mecca, and the causes of decay in its population from 100,000 souls to 16 or 18,000, are more interesting, because they appear more genuine—to come more immediately from the author himself. The history of the surrounding states is also sketched with considerable acuteness and ability; particularly that of the Wehhabites, whose manners and tenets are very imperfectly known to Europeans. The perils of the deserts, and particularly of such parts as are more peculiarly infested by the warlike tribe we have just mentioned, are vividly set forth, though without being magnified; indeed they require no aid of that kind to make them appalling to the imagination, and the author experienced himself, in a degree which nearly deprived him of life, that horrible thirst, which attacking the unhappy traveller when not one drop of fluid is within his reach, soon stretches him an arid corse upon the burning sand.

The Mussulman religion acknowledges but two temples—that of Mecca and that of Jerusalem. The former is supposed to stand on the scite of the temple erected by Abraham; the latter, on the scite of that erected by Solomon. Both are equally sanctified by tradition; both are termed, by way of distinction, *El Harâm*, or the House of God; and both are equally prohibited by the law to Christians, Jews, and all who are not Mahometans. Accordingly we are required to lay aside all other accounts with which we have been hitherto amused, and rely implicitly on that of Ali Bey, whose descriptions are accompanied with ground-plans, elevations, and views, upon which, until we are assured that they are more accurate than his maps, he must pardon us for not placing much reliance. We will leave his descriptions and measurements for those who may think it worth their while to compare them with those of D'Ohsson and Mèbuhe, from which latter source we suspect he has drawn more than he chooses to acknowledge; and we will atone to our readers for this omission by the following passage:

“ Having arrived at a quarter past seven in the morning at Biet-el-Ham, or Bethleham, I met upon the road a band of Christian shepherds, who were going to Jerusalem, to lay a complaint against the Mussulman shepherds of Hhalil, or Hebron, who had carried off a part of their cattle. They had with them two camels, which they had taken from the Mussulmen as reprisals. The principal shepherd related the affair to one of the most respectable Scheriffs of Jerusalem, who accompanied me; and he explained himself in such energetic terms, that my imagination pictured to itself the quarrels of Abraham's shepherds with those of Lot, the war

of the five kings, &c.—They still preserve the same character, manners, and customs, as also the same costume, which consists of a shirt of reddish white wool, bound round the waist by a girdle or leathern belt, a black cloth thrown over the shoulders, and a piece of white cloth round the head.”—Vol. II. p. 231.

Our author is sufficiently happy in his delineation of manners; and his means of access to the Mahometans afford him many opportunities of exhibiting the private life of the Moors, Turks, and Arabians. The following picture of a party of pleasure at the country residence of a Moorish minister of state may reconcile some of our own great people to the occasional languor of their parties of a similar nature.

“The following day, we made a party of pleasure to one of Hadj Edri’s gardens in the country. As we dared not to play at any game, or drink any liquor, and as music and dancing did not suit the gravity of our characters; and as they had not a sufficient knowledge of sciences to make them the topics of our conversation, and as there was no political news, on account of the want of correspondence, couriers, and public papers, we were at a loss how to pass our time, and were reduced to the necessity of eating five or six times a day, like Heliogabali, and to fill up the remainder of our time with drinking tea, saying prayers, playing like children, electing among us Pashas, Khaliphes, and Kaïds, charged with the command of every dinner, tea, collation, or walk.

“The only game which contained some interest, consisted of placing on a large dish about a dozen of cups, upside down. The company then divides into two bands, and after one of them had put a ring on a piece of coin under one of the cups, the other band is to discover it in the first or last of the cups which they may lift up. If the ring should happen to be in one of the intermediate cups, he that has lifted up the wrong cup is punished with receiving from every member of the opposite band some blows on his hands with a knotted handkerchief. But, if the ring be found in the first or last cup lifted up, the party takes the same revenge. This game is, for want of a better, amusing enough, as it gives rise to many curious scenes in the disputes about lifting up the cups, and the struggle between the weak and the strong produces some droll exhibitions.

“Such were the amusements that occupied us for three days and two nights, which we spent in the garden.”—Vol. I. p. 110.

To such people, a religion of ceremonials may be regarded as a merciful dispensation; and Mahomet was as considerate to them as he was to himself when he framed a code of superstitious practices, which were sufficient to occupy that time which they might otherwise have employed in inquiring into the divine authority of his mission. But the Mahometans, like every other people who go merely by outward signs, are apt to forget the spirit of the precepts on the practice of which they pride themselves. Ali Bey, in his assumed character, thinks it necessary to praise very highly the law among the Mussulmans, which obliges them to feed a certain number

of distressed and maimed poor according to their ability, and which forbids them even to sit down to dinner without inviting those around them, of whatsoever rank or condition, to partake of it. But, according to the account of a recent traveller, the invitations to these charitable refectons are not always couched in the most agreeable language. "The *maîtres d' hôtel*, and their assistants, have, as badges of office and instruments of arrangement, not absolutely white wands, but ponderous white staves, of some six feet in length. With these well employed, the company is, without much further persuasion or ceremony, induced to take their places, and without allowing the meats to cool by unrequisite delay of arrangement; and after a meal of not much protraction or colloquial intercourse, under the like ceremony or discipline (for it will bear two constructions) induced to depart, like Malcolm and Donalblain,

" Not over dainty of leave-taking,  
But departing thence with all the speed they may."

We shall now follow the example of those worthy gentlemen, and take our leave of Ali Bey, with the acknowledgment that, in point of amusement, his book will well reward any reader who is contented to be amused without inquiring into the authenticity of the sources whence his pleasures may be derived. As to ourselves, distrust and somewhat of contempt have mingled with the feelings of interest which his route would otherwise have inspired; for we set it down for an invariable maxim, that he who can deceive in one instance, will do so in all others in which he may find it his interest to do so. It is so easy to give false accounts of countries respecting which little intelligence is ever circulated, and of persons who are never likely to hear in what way their names have been misapplied, that nothing but the strongest reliance on the integrity of the individual can inspire that confidence in the truth of his descriptions of things before undescribed, without which, the more wonder they excite from their novelty, the more unpleasant becomes that state of mind, which, balancing between admiration and suspicion, feels alternately enriched by the acquisition of new ideas, and distracted by the fear of being imposed upon by falsehood.

As a compilation, the work certainly contains some of the best descriptions extant; as an original, we must repeat that they are not places, but their inhabitants, on whom the author's eye has been fixed.—His motto seems to have been,

" The proper study of mankind is man : "

and the result of his political observations is, that he felt sad on entering a peaceful country, where the cultured fields and well-trimmed hedges impressed him with such a sense of individual property, and of that property being respected, that he could not help ejaculating, "all that we gain in peace and tranquillity we lose in energy."

The translation is easy, but neither elegant nor correct. In a work revised by Miss Williams, we should not have expected to meet with a sentence like the following:—"Neither him, nor any body but myself at Fez, knows the days and hours at which the eclipse will take place."

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ART. III.—*The Noble STOCK-JOBBER, or Facts unveiled, irrefutably to disprove Lord Cochrane's Affidavits; given as a simple Narrative, minutely detailing every Stage of the Author's Intercourse with the Cochrane Family; exposing the seductive Arts which since have made him their Victim, and most incontrovertibly proving that Lord Cochrane was previously acquainted with, and deeply interested in, the Events that on the 21st of February, 1814, affected the Stock Exchange. Including, also, a variety of Adventures, and subsequent Events, unfolded to counteract false Declarations of Innocence, hitherto artfully, sedulously, and designingly employed to ferment Discontent, and offered in Atonement for Error.* By C. R. BARON DE BERENGER. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Kirby, 1816.

"WHEN rogues fall out," &c.—the proverb is something *musty*; but it is often fortunately true, and the evil practice which leads to this desirable result, is as unhappily ever rife among mankind. It is rather late in the day, it must be confessed, for any one of the parties to come forward and claim merit for admitting that these convicts were guilty of what, inventing a new term for an old transaction, namely a *swindle*, they are pleased to style a Stock Exchange *hoax*; but it is better late than never, though we owe them small mercies for their generosity.

The subject is odious, and the public are sick of it. Not so the Baron; for in what he calls a *pamphlet*, containing four hundred and odd pages, he absolutely revels in the infamy. He also threatens to follow up this *little tract* with another; but we hope that, when we say that we are *satisfied*,

he will hold his hand. He is evidently without the art of "*cramming whole ages into an hour-glass*;" we therefore wish (for what does it signify how the plunder is disposed of?) that this single but heavy shot may *answer* his purpose! Lord Cochrane cannot oblige us more than by coming into his conditions, which are (and it is very generous) "to commit his papers to the flames," *in the event of experiencing tranquillising treatment*," p. 157. His quotations here and there are singularly happy, viz. "*Nul ne dit jamais ce qu'il pense, mais ce qu'il lui convient de faire penser à autrui, et le zèle apparent de la vérité n'est jamais en eux que le masque de l'intérêt.*"—141. Then, from Hamlet, "*'tis a knavish piece of work*;" and these words bring us in full front of the conspiracy, which is here detailed at an enormous length, perfectly consistent with the shape of the title-page, quoted above. The object of the publication is to confess the villany, and, fearing (extraordinary apprehension!) that Lord Cochrane may appear innocent, to dip him again. This was a work of supererogation, and none but the Baron de Berenger ever thought otherwise. We shall therefore trespass as little as possible on our readers' patience by a reference to the old worn-out topics, but confine ourselves to some general remarks on a work, which is rather curious, as it shows how

"—DUCIS ingenium res  
Adversa nudare solent."

We start with an "*apology*," which was sufficiently necessary, but it is not such a one as we could have dictated. He apologizes for the work being *written by himself*, and he seems to think that its defects are in a measure to be excused, because he is in the King's Bench; a worse excuse could not have been urged. Our best living dramatist is there, and many of our ablest authors have been and are there, or are on the road to it; and it is unquestionably a situation peculiarly dedicated to sedentary genius, as being, when compared with the outside of the walls, far less liable to disagreeable interruptions. In the next place, the *apology* embraces this "*artless tale*," p. vi. and informs us why it did not appear before. Now we had an idea that we knew *why*; but we were wrong, quite wrong. This is the reason—*regret at inflicting pain on some branches of Lord Cochrane's family*," p. viii. This is the exquisitely figurative manner in which he describes the feelings of his noble heart: "owing

to hypocritical and untrue affidavits," (the material one, he himself had confirmed by his letter of the 27th of April, 1814,) "*black melancholy hovers around my footsteps, and all my prospects are enveloped in the mildew of distress, sorrow, and disgrace.*" p. 118. Pity for the situation of the Cochranes, and gratitude without bounds, (but for what does not appear,) influenced him, as he perpetually tells us, to any deed the most abhorred, even to one that would sully his fair fame, to serve them. There must have been witchcraft in all this. Let us see what won him to their purpose. Speaking of his first interview with *Lord Cochrane*, he expresses horrible disappointment, in the contemplation of "his features, attitude, and delivery." But these were his benevolent reflections—"What of his looks? He *must* be an hero, brave and noble. And therefore here again is an instance of *Lavater's* fallacy; for, according to that philosopher, *that eye is not penetrating, but cunning and avariciously crafty; that mien is not noble, but daring only in cases of success, or desperation; that soft, but also sepulchral voice does not denote the gentleness of true courage, which is founded on a clear conscience; but its semblance is that of hypocrisy's hollow echo, unsuccessfully seeking to imitate affability,*" p. 4. Now for the admired Mr. Cochrane Johnstone's picture, which is given thus at full length in little. "I considered *Mr. Johnstone* in the light of a person, who from a love of mischief experienced a gratification in the contemplation of such a scheme," i. e. to cheat or swindle. This was the pity and gratitude, these the adamant links that rivetted their sympathetic souls together—"sus sui pulcher." Mr. Butt, the fourth of the party, he depicts as a man of their full colour, and, as a quartetto is the perfection of music, so does this quartett appear to have been the perfection of roguery. The Baron has yet another friend—one, whom he describes as "*most honourable and faithful,*" p. 83.—this friend still remains to cheer and comfort him in his retreat. His character is so pure, that he will never tell his name, and it is a public injury, for who would not wish to *know* such a man! This was the service done to the Baron by his "*most honourable*" friend:—To further the imposture and rob the unsuspecting, a letter was sent to *Admiral Foley*, at Deal; and *Mr. Lavie*, the attorney, swore that it was the hand-writing of De Berenger; but it was written by this precious friend.

## De Berenger's Noble Stock-Jobber. 251

The *apology* is succeeded by an *introduction*, "the perusal of which is earnestly solicited." Here he has all sorts of critics at a dead lock—as thus: all difference with him, he sets down as arising from "the prejudices of *the weak*, who, either from unfair partiality or from *reasoning faculties that are circumscribed*, may shut their eyes to conviction," p. xi. The Baron shall have no reason to complain of us—all our prejudices are with him, as he covers the whole gang with one mantle. His reasons for consenting to become a cheat are of the most novel and forcible kind.—"It was enough that so distinguished a public character—a naval officer (Lord Cochrane)—urged its immediate execution," p. xiii. Then it was only a *hoax*, often practised before (and so has burglary) with impunity—and above all considerations, he assures us, that though his character might suffer, he thought his person was safe! If others have escaped, we rejoice to find that the adage is *not always* true, which says that "laws are like cobwebs—little flies are caught, but *the great ones* break through."

With the main story, spun out most intolerably, we shall not make ourselves very troublesome. The facts have been before the public over and over again; and we shall therefore touch on them very slightly, where we think they may interest curiosity. It always appeared to us impossible that De Berenger, after the execution of his dirty work, should come reeking from it to the house of Lord Cochrane, unless they had been both cognizant of the imposture. He here declares that "his lordship insisted that I should drive to his residence on my arrival from Dover," p. 74. The Baron, whose wits were armed at all points in the management of *such* an affair, thought it dangerous; but he struck his flag to the "*naval officer*."

As *settling day* approached, he was frequently sounded by Mr. C. Johnstone, touching the plan afterwards adopted. At last, reluctantly, and *merely* for the purpose of raising the *favourable opinion* entertained of his "penetration and ingenuity," he drew up a plan\* "fully detailing every

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\* It seems very clear that De Berenger was a needy adventurer, who, like the gentleman in the black wig in Macbeth, was

"So weary with disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,  
That he would set his life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't:"

concomitant operation necessary;" but he did not produce it till he found he had a *deficit* to pay on 10 or 20,000*l.* stock, purchased for him by his generous friends. This innocent sport of the imagination was then put into practice—Lord Cochrane "was the first to part with his money," p. 67. these sinews for the journey—and he departs.

Now, describing his whole proceedings, with a minuteness quite edifying, he makes long fascinating dissertations on his personal character, the powers of his mind, and his merits. In tracing him, at the trial, some difficulty arose, because says he, *Lord Ellenborough* could find "no proof *where I had dined.*" It seems, however, that he took no dinner—which is all very well. But what will Lord Ellenborough say to this maxim of the Baron's? "From my infancy, I have been taught to consider *the time employed at meals as a tax upon the understanding,*" p. 90. We are sure that it goes sadly against our stomach. Added to this gastric excellence, he vaunts much of his mental perception and discrimination. He talks largely of his knowledge of human nature, and with that large portion, the roguish, he is certainly not unacquainted, but even here there is a deficiency in his high cultivation, when he complains of being abandoned by his confederates, for he ought to have known that rogues detected rarely hang together—except for the good of the public.

His progress to Dover and at Dover, his hair-breadth escapes and contrivances, are on a par with any chapter in the *ENGLISH* or the *SPANISH ROGUE*. We wish he would add to these novels a *Prussian*, instead of the second volume,

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and he, with the ability to do mischief, found three others ready to employ it. His expectation of sharing the profit was clearly his sole motive for undertaking such a dangerous and laborious fraud. He receives £400, p. 276, but his rage is ungovernable when he perceives that he is not to have a just share of the spoil, or, as he terms it, a *reciprocal and equal advantage*, p. 266.

As to the Stock Exchange, nobody pities them—several of this herd of bulls and bears have declared that they would have taken advantage of the *hoax*, had they known it to be one—and therefore we presume to add, would have committed it, had they had the skill and courage—"quocunque modo rem." The Baron honours them with the following note to p. 139. "Speaking of *Mercury*, occasions me to remark, that the Stock Exchange is ornamented on the *Key-stone* with a head of Mercury: as he is the god and protector *alike of merchandise and theft*, it seems extraordinary that the wits of Capel-court should have chosen him, particularly as their house is *not* a repository for merchandise."

which he suspends over us, and which is to contain "adventures tragic and comic," p. 296. As a very amusing as well as convincing specimen of his ability to produce such a work, we give the following extract. Dressed for the part, "in the costume of his crime," he quits his abode in the suburbs of Dover, some two hours before he was to pretend he had just landed:

"At some little distance from the house, I took the sword from under my coat, as it greatly incommoded me, and as from its being in a list case, and owing to the darkness of the night, it could not be much noticed; thus wandering about a variety of by-places, such as were certainly very inviting to persons inclined to rob me. *Sincerely do I lament that I was not robbed, for the loss of my money would have given me the only solid grounds under which I could have returned to town, that is, without performing what I had promised, and furnished the only reasons which must have been accepted by my confederates.* Tired, and shivering with cold, every minute was counted, and for such reasons I determined to execute my plan somewhat sooner than one o'clock;—to the shore I traced my steps; but behold, every where to find men of some description, either soldiers or custom-house officers, some of them, perhaps, smugglers; several eyed me with suspicion, or, suspicious myself, perhaps I fancied it, by the indifferent glare of an occasional light; some called out to me in terms which gave me strong reason to think them revenue-officers: the idea of a personal search from these I now began to dread, and it required no little aid of ingenuity, sharp-shooter like, to avoid them on grounds so little known to me; here my reconnoitering proved how valuable the maxim is, 'not to neglect even trifles.' I patrolled on, 'with many a solemn pause between,' and under much uneasiness, occasioned by my inability of approaching the sea to take a soaking, so little to be desired at any time, but especially in a frosty night, and only to be reconciled by motives of prudence. No where could I succeed without the imminent risk of being apprehended, perhaps, even in an act which seemed unnatural; and almost sure I was of being observed, and from suspicion watched. I unavoidably met several persons two and two: they looked hard at me, and I think they were revenue-officers, to whose respect for a military great-coat I may be indebted for not having been examined: it was worth an hundred cloaks in every respect; for I must do justice to the people employed about Dover, in saying, that they were vigilant in the discharge of their duty, and the appearance of a military great-coat may have satisfied them better than I could have done. Some sentinels challenged me, who, from their accent, it seems were Irish. Good care was taken to approach no further, though one of them told me, that most likely the serjeant of the guard would let me pass, if I wished, in a direction I had enquired about. I knew better than to face a serjeant, whose punctual discharge of his duty might claim my respect, even to my sorrow. This threw me out; and shortly after I explored a spot which my former reconnoissance had not embraced: thus I found myself perplexed, and completely at a loss which way to bend my course. Pensively I stood, listening for more than ten minutes to the rolling murmurs of the sea, relieved only by the hissing of retiring waves, for otherwise all was silence. Influenced by a mixture of delight at the only and imposing sounds, and the gloomy pain occasioned

by the uncertainty of what to do, which was greatly increased by extreme darkness, I gave way to a variety of thoughts, when suddenly the sound of footsteps broke upon my ear; many were the feet that caused them, and regular were their steps; soon did I discover, that, although military men, they were not riflemen, for they talked, and loudly, otherwise, owing to a sudden turn, they would have been upon me before I could have evaded the observation of either sight or hearing; there was no time for debating, for presence of mind said, 'they must be grand or other rounds!' down on the ground instantly I laid myself, coiled up into a shapeless lump, and my grey coat well suited, as the ground was rough; almost as instantly they marched past, even very near to me.

"When out of sight, I rose, ejaculating, thanks to my stars that you are not sharp-shooters, for nothing else could have saved me from sleeping in your guard-room, to amuse the Governor next morning with silly and unsuccessful stories, such as no one could have believed; for what plausible tale could I have uttered, that would have satisfied even a corporal who had found me, an unknown aid-de-camp, decorated with stars and badges certainly, but without a visible reason for being *there*, and without any reference to where he came from? Enough;—I must quit this military beat, being as unlikely as unwilling to impose on a profession, the idol of my youth, and the pride and respect of my native country. Not a frown from his officer, much less punishment, would I occasion to any of these men, so indispensably necessary to the defence of their country: No, not even if my stay here was void of risk to myself! I turned my back to the direction in which the men had marched: the sea being now on my left, I found a *precarious* way towards the town on my right, which, with considerable difficulty and some obstruction, I explored, dark and hazy as it was: it was now, perhaps, about fifteen or twenty minutes after midnight. Additionally convinced as I was of the importance which the wetting of my clothes would prove to me, on account of greater plausibility in appearance, I tried some pump going along, disappointed as I was in procuring sea-water:—it was dry, and made a horrid screaming noise; quickly did I leave it, and recollecting to have seen one in the market-place, thither to hurry, and most joyfully was the handle siezed, when the same instant, a snore close to me arrested my attention; after looking in vain for a by-stander, whose mirth I thought myself the object of, I at last discovered a guardian of the night in a watch-box, not before observed, though almost close to me. Shall I be doubted when I declare, that it was not regard for his peaceful slumbers which prevented my disturbing him? The street in which the inn I stopped at is situated was next explored; for I recollected, that, arriving by the coach in my way to it, we had passed some waggon or public-house with a water-trough, and accordingly I hastened there, greatly exhausted by exertion and uneasiness—found it was full of water too, but frozen so hard, that I could not break the surface. I now began to despair of obtaining a supply from that element which was considered so essential an appendage to my character and dress; my memory however, instead of failing me in the moments of keen disappointment and perplexity, suddenly reminded me that at a considerable distance from Dover we had passed a water-mill on the left-hand going in; it was far, very far—it was some distance from the road; hedges, ditches, and fields, lay between this mill and the high-way. All this is very true, I said; but no matter, difficulties must be overcome when any thing is determined on, and still more so, *if to neglect would be a breach of faith,*

ruinous to esteemed friends. I hurried there, and at last heard the welcome sound of the mill-stream rushing through the works. I rejoiced; but it was not the only sound, for dogs barked loudly. Pshaw! a cautious step will avoid those chained up, and all others must be beaten off. Such was the instant determination that echoed to their barkings. A hedge and ditch proved trivial obstacles—a field was quickly traversed. And now, after cautiously examining the windows of the premises belonging to this mill, I approached a kind of stile, where art had contracted the water, and increased the rapidity and power of the current, which alone prevented its freezing. The dogs were still, if there they were, but which is doubtful. The romantic gloomy murmurs of the stream not only pleased my ear, but doubly relieved the anxiety of my mind, already wound up by so many adventurous obstacles. The black silk handkerchief was now tied as a bandage over my eye to disguise me; my foraging-cap was put on, and after dipping with my hat for water into the stream, which I had nearly fallen into, I threw the crystal supply high above me, that, falling in many a pearly drop, and like a shower-bath, it might give me the appearance of having been exposed to real sea spray. Although a cold sort of an amusement, it was *cheerfully* repeated even four or five times, when, lo! I found myself all over sand!"

The reader will be lamentably disappointed if he expect to find the whole ground like this—this is a sunny spot: murky clouds hang over nearly all the rest, and inspire melancholy—occasionally relieved by sleep. He concludes with Mr. C. Johnstone's inducing him to attempt to quit the country, to which he consents, receives £90, fixes his bail, and leaves his other creditors in the lurch. Like a dying swan, he sings at last, and closes with a copy of verses, of which the first characteristic line will suffice.

"O may I steal."—p. 308.

The Baron, we all know, is famous at *inventions*, and in an *appendix* of 93 pages, he has given us a list of his discoveries. Amongst others, we find this which very aptly follows his muse: "an improved method of preparing hemp," &c. p. 34.

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ART. IV.—*The Fair Isabel of Cotchele; a Cornish Romance, in Six Cantos.* By the Author of "Local Attachment," &c. 12mo. pp. 371. Law and Whittaker.

IN the early periods of English literature, the wild flights of romance were wont to receive additional interest from the charms of poetry; and that writer stood a doubtful chance,

either for fame or for profit, who was unable to clothe the offspring of his invention in the "trim array" of poetic decoration. There is, indeed, a natural affinity between poetry and fiction; and hence the tales of Chaucer, Gower, Spenser, and others, are still read with eagerness and interest, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which they labour, of obsolete phrasology, inharmonious numbers, harsh inversion, and frequent allusion to circumstances now hidden in the impenetrable night of oblivion. We did not wonder, therefore, at the great success which attended an author of the present day, in his attempt to revive a taste for this style of composition; and we may be allowed to say, that the general admiration in which the productions of the Scottish bard are held, is the best proof of the existence of that taste which in the days of our forefathers was so prevalent. With Mr. Scott it is the boast of the author of *The Fair Isabel* to be intimately acquainted: he expresses it as his only unsatisfied wish,

"To hold, though o'er the grave I bend,

"That heart my meed, and Scott my friend."

We learn, too, from a note, that Mr. Scott had read the *Cornish Romance*, in manuscript, and expressed himself highly gratified by the perusal. From these circumstances it was to be expected that in the versification, and in the general arrangement of this poem, much respect would be paid to the model of the Caledonian bard: the imitation, however, is far from servile.

A short advertisement informs us, that "the poem is founded on a family-incident in the reign of Queen Mary, which the existing contest between Protestants and Papists must render peculiarly interesting in the present day. The scene of the poem is chiefly laid at Cotchele, the ancient residence of the Edgcombes, on the west bank of the Tamar: in the sixth canto, it shifts to Mount Edgcumbe." The author has displayed considerable judgment in the choice of his subject, his scenery, and his characters.—The following is an outline of the poem:

Sir Richard Edgcombe, father of Isabel, having lost his lady, sets off from Cotchele, in obedience to the mandate of his bigot queen, to combat the Protestant rebels under Trevanion, leaving the young Isabel to the care of her sister (Mawd), a prioress (Jacqueline)—who had taken refuge in the castle on the dissolution of her nunnery—and a monk

(father Nicholas); all distinguished, as appears in the sequel, by the worst crimes that too commonly disgraced those lazy drones who battered on the hive of Roman Catholic credulity, in the most splendid days of papistical usurpation. Isabel, wandering in the wood of Cotchele, is accosted by a gipsy, in whom she recognizes her lover Edward Trevanion, who had been left, when an orphan, to the care of his uncle Sir Richard Edgcombe; but the latter, jealous of the growing attachment between the young "heretic" and his daughter, had sent him abroad. From the relation of his adventures, given by the youth, it appears that on his return from France he found Sir Richard and Trevanion, at the head of their respective forces, engaged in battle; the various turns of which he is describing—when his narrative is interrupted by several strange songs, in the Oriental style, and some mysterious appearances; on which the lovers hastily part. The unseasonable minstrel is discovered to be Erisey, a youth strongly tinctured with the superstitions of the Catholic church, and who, with many others, on the banishment of Edward, had aspired to the hand of Isabel. Erisey, having obtained an inadvertent promise from Isabel, on condition of his performing a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, had now returned from his travels to claim its fulfilment. He is accompanied by Callimachi, a young Greek, who is also smitten by the charms of Isabel. The fair heroine, refusing either to marry Erisey, to give up Trevanion, or to go to a nunnery on the Continent—notwithstanding the threats of the prioress and the monk—is secretly conveyed to the vault of her mother, there to be immured alive. Callimachi, interposing in her behalf, is assassinated by the priest; who, with his accomplices, deceives Sir Richard, by informing him that his daughter is drowned in the Tamar. The knight institutes a search for the body, and whilst the prioress is relating the circumstances of the pretended accident, a boat passes on the river below, filled with "shadowy figures," who intimate darkly, in songs, the guilt of the prioress and Mawd; upon which these abandoned characters, stung with shame and despair, clasp each other, leap over the precipice, and perish in the flood below. It subsequently appears that the "ancient bard" of the house of Cotchele, having overheard a part of the conversation of the prioress and the monk relative to Isabel, had repaired, by a private and unobserved way, to the family-vault, which lay near the sea, for the purpose of counteracting their inten-

tions. There he found the Lady Alice awaking from a trance, in which she had been prematurely interred; and had scarcely had time to afford her the assistance necessary to the recovery of animation, when Isabel was let down into the vault. The party escaped in a boat belonging to William, (the lover of Jesse, Isabel's confidante,) and were conveyed to Mount Edgcombe, whither Sir Richard repairs. Several interesting explanations ensue; and poetical justice is done to all parties, by the death of the priest;—by the discovery that Mawd was the daughter of the prioress, and not of Lady Edgcombe, (an exchange of children having been accomplished through the subtilty of the former);—by the recovery of the real daughter;—the reconciliation of Sir Richard and Trevanion;—the union of Isabel and Edward, and of William and Jesse;—and the festivities of Christmas, observed according to the ancient rites of English hospitality, and to which the wonderful adventures of the preceding days could not fail to give a peculiar zest.

Such is the ground-work on which Mr. Polwhele has raised the superstructure of his Romance. It abounds with incidents, many of which are peculiarly striking, and are told in a style that cannot fail to add to their dramatic effect, as will be seen from the following quotations:

“ Isabel, with hurried gaze,  
Through the wreathed window high,  
Beheld the thin clouds scattering fly  
Across the ruffled sky,  
And, through their fleecy fragments white,  
A smoky, fiery light;  
When, quick as vision, trail'd afar,  
And, shooting to the earth its blaze,  
Burst into myriad sparks, a star.  
  
' Hark to the voices in the blast!  
' See—see that spirit—thy sire—it pass'd  
' On the careering cloud!  
' It is his winding-sheet! his shroud!  
She thought she saw a lifted cowl;  
She thought she saw a demon-sowl!  
' What means,' (she cried) ' for mercy say!—  
A gleamy figure sunk away.” p. 62, 63.

Again:—

“ She stopped and trembled. And he cried—  
' Thy sire is sate! I joy to say—  
' Though yester was a bloody day!—  
When his gipsy-dress half flung aside,  
High youth appear'd in manly pride.

And a radiance from the sun, aslant  
Through sprays that veil'd the sylvan haunt,  
Was, on his brow, a lustrous streak,  
A blush, on his brown glowing cheek,  
And (gradual beauty to unfold)  
On his dark eye-lash, a shadowy ray,  
That languish'd, as in am'rous play,  
And on his bright hair, fluid gold.  
But, as the breeze, his locks between,  
Fann'd the left temple's azure vein,  
The sun-beam touch'd a recent scar,  
Disclos'd amidst the parted hair!"

p. 112, 113.

Some of the delineations from nature are very beautiful;  
as in the following lines :—

" Arising in the moody blast,  
The sleety storm had well-nigh pass'd  
(Ere the struggling day's first gleam)  
Cotchele's old tow'rs and Tamar stream.  
And now a few snow-feathers light  
Twinkled in the rear of night.  
Still was the sullen-hour and dark :  
The castle-roof no eye could mark,  
Nor window-shaft, nor portal gray,  
Nor oaken branch, nor ashen spray;  
When, suddenly, the bulwark'd wall,  
Rampires, portcullis, windows, all,  
And hollows down the steep wood-side,  
And rocks amidst the foamy tide,  
The oak's broad crest, and far below  
Its cavern'd trunk that held the snow ;  
The dusky fir, the berried ash—  
Discover'd in one azure flash,  
No sooner shone  
Than they were gone  
In the elemental crash."

p. 24.

From the preceding extracts, our readers will perceive, that *The Fair Isabel* is a poem not without merit. *Passages* might be cited from it equal to any in Mr. Scott's poems. It is, however, evident, that the result of a *general* comparison between the two writers would be very unfavourable to the former. Scott appears to have laboured diligently to give all his lines the highest degree of polish of which they were susceptible : in Mr. Polwhele's poem, instances of inattention or haste are continually occurring. The following lines, amongst others, ought to be carefully revised.

" Sail'd down the wood, and brush'd the ice-drops."

" As now a lone star, the last left."

"But hark—the blast of the war-horn—  
 "She wakes to a wild wintry morn!"

"Open'd, low arch'd, a postern door,  
 "To a white marble floor," &c. &c.

The sense, too, is rendered doubtful, from the frequent occurrence of parentheses, and inattention to punctuation.

Each canto of the poem is accompanied by introductory and concluding stanzas, in the Spenserian style, in which this author excels. And there is much genuine nature and feeling in the two addresses to Walter Scott.

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ART. V.—*Observations on the Chancery-Bar.* 8vo. pp. 31.  
 Taylor and Hessey.

"THE writer of these observations wishes it to be known that they do not proceed from any man at the bar, or in progress to it; and, that whatever effect this may have, he cannot *himself* be benefited or injured." This is very generous—especially if we can believe that in *himself* all collateral interests are included. *Sed de his satis.* We proceed to a very brief consideration of the object of the work, the evils of which it complains, and the remedies which it proposes.

The first ground of complaint appears to be that silk gowns are not conferred with sufficient discrimination, being more generally given to seniority than to talent. In the recent promotions in the Court of Chancery this may, perhaps, have been the case; but we are well assured that it has not in the other courts, though the appointments were made by the same noble and learned lord. Nor can we perceive any reason why men, "not one of whom," to use the author's own words, "*is of less standing at the bar than twenty-five years,*" should have their feelings hurt by seeing young men, who may perhaps have been born but a few years more than they have been practising barristers, placed over their heads, and that as often through interest as the weight of superior talents. We are by no means disposed to contend for the equality of genius; but, at the same time, we wish that men should be liberally educated for a branch of the profession which requires indefatigable exertion, rather than brilliant talent; which affords no opportunity for the display of eloquence, or for the exercise of that quickness of perception,

that acute discrimination, which the *viva voce* examination of witnesses, and the appeal to the feelings of a jury demand; and we are far from being convinced, with the author of these observations, that (professionally speaking) "the attainments of many young men are superior to many of their brethren who have passed the meridian of life, and may have children called to the same bar with themselves." The fervour of imagination and brilliancy of genius, usually most strong in youth, may make an eloquent, impressive, and seductive orator:—readiness of wit, astuteness of intellect, and the newly-acquired subtlety of the schools, will, in all probability, render a man an able cross-examiner, a ready advocate:—but nothing except years of experience in the practice of our courts, and a familiar acquaintance with the immense collection of statutes and reports by which that practice is regulated, can make a sound lawyer. Indeed the further a man advances in the study of the English system of jurisprudence, whether his attention be directed to the equity or common-law department, he will every day find more and more occasion to view the attainments he has made as slight indeed, in proportion to those he must make before he can be called a complete master of his profession. It was well said, by one of the ablest and oldest special-pleaders of the day, that, after having been nearly half a century in the profession, he diffided more in his own judgment than he did when he first entered into it; and hesitated in drawing a plea, which, when he first began to practise under the bar, he was in the habit of doing off hand.

It will be evident from these remarks, that we do not consider that the author of these Observations has shewn sufficient cause for passing over the seniors of the bar, without at least making the offer of promotion, whenever any new creation of king's counsel takes place. We shall soon see that there may be many reasons why this offer should be declined—to make way for their more enterprising juniors. But, even upon the author's own shewing, the evils resulting from adhering to this natural, and, we must add, equitable rule, carry with them their own remedy.

"It is in the power of any Chancellor," he very truly observes, "to place silk-gowns on any shoulders; but it is the mind that makes the body rich; and he cannot by such means command a single brief to the honour of its wearer; he may as well attempt to call ghosts from the dead, and he may do it as successfully. The glory of the bar (and no mean glory we would add) is, that men are left to make their own way at it; and no

patronage, no wealth, can place a blockhead at the head of it. Whenever it becomes the fashion to place silk-gowns where business will not follow them, let the profession make silk gownsmen among themselves: this may easily be done, by the solicitors distributing their briefs among the juniors. It is not meant, by what is said above," he afterwards observes in explanation, "that solicitors can confer silk-gowns literally, or cause them to be conferred, since seniority alone seems to be the order of the day; but substantially they can confer them. Their silk-gownsmen will have the substance. The Chancellor's, if ever conferred for age and long standing only, will have but the shadow, the outward visible sign without the real honour and rewards. Let us not," exclaims our author, in concluding this very intelligible hint, "fear the result of an attempt to call forth the dormant talents of the profession to a full display of its natural splendour and brilliancy, at a somewhat more early period than of late it has been produced."

The plain English of this recommendation is, give your briefs to the younger men behind the bar, instead of to the elder ones within it. To which we answer, when the solicitors of the Court of Chancery see among the former counsel of superior talent to Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir Arthur Pigot, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Bell, with the advantage of equal experience, we have no doubt but this advice will be followed—but not till then. In the Court of King's Bench, until the late promotions had brought up the list of king's counsel to about their usual number, many of the gentlemen now within the bar, and several who are still without it, had twice the number of briefs, even as leaders, both in town and on the circuit, that fell to the lot of others who have, for many years, had the honour to take rank as "his Majesty's counsel learned in the law." We forbear to mention names, but, if we are not greatly mistaken, this was the case with at least one individual now within the bar of the Court of Chancery.

"A silk gown, beautiful as it may be, is a dangerous thing to put on, it *must* take business from a man, and it *may not* substitute any in its stead. It may fill a man's pocket, or it may empty it by stripping him of his employment; and the chances are greatly in favour of its doing the one or the other." So says our author; and we shall only make this short comment upon his text, for the information of unprofessional readers, that a barrister thus decorated can, at the Chancery-bar, no longer pursue the very profitable branch of drafting or drawing bills, and take part in other proceedings in courts of equity; and in the common-law courts must bid adieu for ever, not only to special pleadings, but to making mere motions of course, and to attendance on the quarter sessions.

But whilst placing in the strongest possible light the grievances which he supposes to result from the precedence enjoyed by the king's counsel, our author has totally overlooked one advantage which arises from it; namely, that from its being an established point of etiquette, that persons in that situation shall not open causes, many junior barristers are employed for this purpose, whose services would otherwise be dispensed with.

There is one part of these Observations, however, in the justice of which we cordially acquiesce, and which we now quote.

"Seniors' fees," says he, "are oftentimes, in the strictest sense, honorary, that is, sacrifices offered at the altars of their fame, from whence their worshippers are permitted to depart without a blessing. To receive fees, and to do nothing for them, scarcely appears reconcileable to those honourable feelings which are supposed to distinguish the barrister of this country. 'The labourer is worthy of his hire,' we are told by authority which good men will not question; but it is not a necessary consequence of that proposition, that the man is worthy of his hire who labours not, and who, by the bye, often knows he cannot have an opportunity of earning the hire left for him. On all such occasions, if the bar will take a hint from so unimportant a reasoner as the writer of these observations, he would submit to their judgment, the propriety of returning to the client those fees which have produced him no benefit or assistance. Even if such briefs are read, yet if other business of other clients at other places is more necessary to be attended to, it is not right that the seniors' client should add to his disappointment in losing their assistance, by the loss of other assistance (which for the same fee might have been procured,) and by the loss of his money also."

There is much good sense and honesty in these remarks, and we leave the wholesome doctrine to those whom it may concern, with a short extract from the work before us, in which the practice of the advocates in the common-law courts is recommended to the imitation of their learned brethren on the equity side of Westminster Hall.

"On the circuits, it is well known, that two courts are sitting at once; and it is also as well known, that when briefs at the Crown Bar are offered to the leaders at Nisi Prius, the briefs and *the fees* are either returned, or accepted conditionally only, to be attended to or not, according as such leader's presence is required at the Nisi Prius Bar. This candour throws that business into the hands of the juniors; and this is the line of conduct that the Chancery leaders should pursue, or otherwise confine themselves to one court. This line of conduct," concludes our author, "would produce a proper understanding between all parties; juniors would be selected to lead, when the leaders most desired could not be present; or such leaders' briefs, which without attendance are of no use to the client, would be transferred into other leaders' hands."

We have room merely to glance at the *disinterested* advice indirectly given to the juniors at the Chancery bar, to refuse leading in the absence of the king's counsel with whom they are associated in the management of a suit; because, by so doing, they may in the end be able to force the solicitors to give them briefs as leaders, or at least with leaders' fees marked on the backs of them. This is contemptible. We are very much disposed to think that the interest of the juniors at the Chancery bar would be best advanced by their condescending to follow the practice of the common-law courts, where, if the senior is not present, either the junior, or some other leader who has been entrusted with the brief, is required to proceed. If the junior proceeds, he acquires an opportunity of distinguishing himself, which is not to be measured by a *fee*; and if he is not prepared, we have known many instances of the cause in which he is concerned being struck off the list, to his own great discredit, and to the material injury of his client. Let the Lord Chancellor "go and do likewise;" and we see nothing terrifying in the present number of silk gowns, or even in their moderate increase.

In some of his lordship's latest transubstantiations, (stuff into silk,) he has shewn himself a most potent wizzard. Such hitherto well-attested adages as "You can't make a *silk* purse," &c., have been utterly falsified by a touch of his wand. We have, however, in *Banco Regis*, an instance or two, in which strong traces remain of the inefficacy of his miraculous power—the *silk gown* is perfect—*mulier formosa supernè*—but—but, as lovers of consistency, we own that in these cases we preferred the *stuff*, as then the man and the gown were more of a piece.

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ART. VI.—*Atheniensia; or, Remarks on the Topography and Buildings of Athens.* By WILLIAM WILKINS, A.M. F.A.S., late Fellow of Gonvil and Caius College, Cambridge. Svo. Murray, London. 1816.

"WHEN Europe was aroused from the slumber of barbarism," says the eloquent Chateaubriand, "her first thought was directed towards Athens. 'What is become of Athens?' was the universal cry: and when it was known that her ruins still existed, the learned and the ingenious flocked thither, as

if they had discovered the lost ashes of a parent." Yes, the city of Theseus had lost her importance, and ceased to be worthy of a prominent place in the history of the world. Barbarians had laid waste the surrounding country, and profaned or destroyed her temples: the ambition of the Romans, the presumption of the Goths, and the ignorance of the Mahometans, had successively contributed to her downfall. Yet, though sunk below the usual level of conquered states, she once more attracted notice, and acquired renown. For, ceasing to be the patrimony of obscure princes, she resumed something like her ancient empire over the minds of mankind—by summoning the learned and the curious to the contemplation of her venerable ruins.

Before we proceed to the examination of Mr. Wilkins's book, which may be considered as the latest attempt to give a faithful and accurate idea of the topography of Athens, it will be neither ill-timed, nor wholly uninteresting to the reader, to take a rapid view of the principal travellers who have visited that renowned city; and particularly of those to whom we are indebted for our earliest information respecting it.

It appears that, even so long ago as the year 1465, Francesco Giambelli made drawings of some of the monuments of Athens. The manuscript of this artist was on vellum, and was preserved in the Barberini library at Rome.—Towards the close of the sixteenth century, Crusius, a professor of the university of Tübingen, published his book entitled *Turco-Græcia*, which gives an account of Greece from the year 1444 to the time in which he wrote. The greater part of this work is composed of letters to different persons, written by modern Greeks. In one of those letters, dated 1575, Theodore Zygomalas says to his friend, "I have been often at Athens. I have examined with care the objects which it contains, the Areopagus, the Antique Academy, the Lyceum, and lastly the *Panthcon*. This edifice is the most lofty, and surpasses all the rest in beauty. The exterior all around exhibits in sculpture the history of the gods and of the Greeks. Over the principal entrance, in particular, you observe horses which absolutely appear alive, so that you may fancy you hear them neigh. They are said to be the work of Praxitiles: the soul and genius of the man have been transferred to the stone." This letter abounds with errors; for example, the Parthenon is denominated the Pantheon;

yet it is valuable to the antiquary, on account of its early date.

Deshayes is the first modern traveller who has given any detailed and accurate account of Greece, which he visited about the year 1621. He describes the city of Athens, and observes, that it may be seen from the ruins, that time has done much less injury to it than the barbarism of the nations who have so often sacked and pillaged it.

A few years after this, Greece witnessed the arrival of some French missionaries, who settled at Athens. They purchased the building which was then called the Lantern of Demosthenes, but which is now ascertained to be the choric monument of Lysicrates, and converted it into a place of entertainment for strangers. But, though chiefly devoted to works of charity, these men were not unmindful of classical pursuits. Father Babin published, in 1672, "An Account of the present State of Athens;" which was pronounced to be the most complete and circumstantial account of the antiquities of that city that had then appeared.

M. de Nointel, the French ambassador to the Porte, passed through Athens in 1674, and caused drawings to be made of the basso relievos of the Parthenon. Fortunately, these drawings have been preserved, and accurate copies of them are presented to the public in the supplementary volume to Stuart's Athens, just published by Mr. Woods.

The travels of Sir George Wheeler and Dr. Spon, a French physician, appeared in 1675. Every reader is acquainted with the merits of this work, in which the state of the arts is treated with much accuracy and critical knowledge. It produced the beneficial effect of awakening a spirit of curiosity, which was fully gratified by the Travels of Dr. Chandler; a work that displays no common erudition, and which is marked throughout by sound criticism and exquisite taste. This was published in 1764; and about the same period, Stuart and Revett enriched our country with their publication, entitled, "Antiquities of Athens," which is pronounced by our author to be of great accuracy, and admirably calculated to make known the superiority of Grecian architecture, and to inculcate a taste for the pure style of the ancients. "The architectural details of Athens," he says, "are given with so much precision and minuteness, as to leave any publication on the remains of this city but little scope for the production of any thing unexplained."

The history of the monuments of Athens may be summed up in a few words. It is pretty evident that the Parthenon, the Temple of Victory, and a great part of the Temple of the Olympian Jupiter, were seen entire, or nearly so, by Giambelti and Deshayes.—The Marquis de Nointel, Father Babin, and Spon and Wheeler, had the gratification of beholding the Parthenon while yet entire; but the Temple of Victory had been destroyed by an accidental explosion, while used by the Turks as a magazine for powder; so that no part of it was left standing but the pediment.—Stuart and Chandler found the Parthenon half destroyed, and the pediment of the Temple of Victory demolished.\*—Since that period, the ruins have been continually increasing; and a writer of celebrity remarks, “that it is painful to think that Alaric and Mahomet II. respected the temples of Athens, and that they were left to be demolished by the Venetians and Lord Elgin.” The circumstances that gave rise to the latter part of this remark have been the subject of much discussion: by one party his lordship has been extolled as a benefactor to his country, to the arts, and to mankind; by the other, he has been represented as a sort of sacrilegious spoiler, who has hastened the ruin of what was most venerable in Greece; and plundered her of monuments, which lose all their relative interest and beauty by removal. In the course of our labours, we shall have occasion to make some observations on this subject. In the mean time, we state Mr. Wilkins's view in undertaking the present performance.

Speaking of the study of Grecian architecture previously to

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\* This work of destruction took place in the siege of Athens by the Venetians, in 1687. This event is described in the *Atene Altica* of Fannelli, a book of little importance, and only so far interesting as it furnishes us with these curious particulars. It appears that six pieces of cannon and four mortars were mounted on the opposite hill of the Museum, and that a shell exploded near the middle of the cella, and blew up the greater part of an edifice, which did honor to human genius. The eastern portico seems to have been just without the range of its destructive influence; but the pediment and the sculptures it contained suffered from the shock, and were almost wholly destroyed. The pediment of the western front, although it escaped this eventful catastrophe, has nevertheless experienced the dilapidation of time, and wilful spoliation: most of the statues which remained in the time of Wheeler have wholly disappeared. Morosini the Venetian, who accompanied the forces under Koningsmark, after the reduction of the citadel, attempted to take down one of the principal groups; but it fell in the effort, and was shattered to pieces.

the time when Stuart and his ingenious friend Revett undertook their great work, he observes, that it was still then unknown to the English nation. Wheeler and Spon were not at all versed in this art; their descriptions were unaccompanied by illustrations, and of no other use than to direct the attention of travellers to the spot which contained relics of antiquity. But, though the labours of Stuart and Revett unfolded a new scene of interest, and led to the study of Grecian architecture, our author observes—

“That it is not surprising, that in treating on a subject entirely new, some errors should have found their way amidst the great bulk of intelligence their work affords: errors which could only have been avoided by a long and intimate acquaintance with the subject. It is on this account only, that any further observations on the building of Athens can be thought necessary.”

These errors are what Mr. W. has undertaken to correct; and he has shewn himself fully competent to the task; indeed, what had we not to expect from the faithful translator of Vitruvius, and the accurate and elegant author of ‘*Antiquities of Magna Græcia*?’

We are informed, that these Remarks on the Building and Topography of Athens are the result of observations made during a residence there in the year 1802; and that they were compiled for the purpose of appearing in a collection of papers now editing by Mr. Walpole, from the manuscript journals of recent travellers in Greece and Asia Minor. But being considered too voluminous for a work of that nature, it was determined to publish them in the present shape. The author adds, in a spirit of forbearance very honourable to his character:

“The publication which, from various causes, was interrupted, has subsequently been delayed by the well-known intention of Lord Elgin to offer his collection of marbles to the English nation. The author, who entertains a different idea as to the merits of the major part of that collection, was apprehensive that the public avowal of an opinion contrary to that of a host of admirers, might be construed into an attempt to depreciate their value, and he withheld the publication until the question between his lordship and the public, as to their supposed worth, should be decided.”

The work is divided into five parts.—The first is on the origin of Grecian architecture; the second on the plan of Athens, which is illustrated by a good plate prefixed to the volume; the third on the Acropolis; the fourth on the buildings of the city; and the volume concludes with the celebrated Athenian inscription which was brought to Eng-

land by Dr. Chandler, and is now deposited in the British Museum; and Mr. W. has satisfactorily ascertained it to be a survey of the temple called the Erechtheum.

In the chapter on Grecian architecture, exhausted as the subject may appear to be, the author delights us with many new and ingenious observations. Among these are the remarks on the origin of that prominent feature of architecture—the *column*. Vitruvius ascribes the use of the ornamental parts of architecture, to a desire of imitating in stone, the appearance which the early buildings of timber necessarily assumed; but he leaves the reason for the introduction of columns unexplained. Our author observes:

“The true origin of the Egyptian column may, perhaps, be determined from the specimens afforded by the early architectural productions of the country, in which it formed a principal feature. These lead to the conjecture that bundles of canes, which the Nile copiously supplied, bound together at intervals, first suggested the idea of a sculptured support. This deduction of the origin of columns, will sufficiently explain why, in buildings of the highest antiquity, they are found gradually to diminish in thickness from the bottom to the top. Reeds and canes are known to grow uniformly, tapering from the stem to the point; a fasciculus of these, therefore, when reduced to an equal length, would assume the form of a truncated cone.”

He proceeds to trace the progress of ornamental architecture, and the prototypes to which the Greeks were indebted for their first ideas of that art, and their subsequent improvements in it. He dates its introduction into Greece at some period between the 821st and 863d year before Christ; and observes, that their advancement in the art was slow—a circumstance which he attributes, in a great measure, to the enfeebled state into which they had fallen in consequence of their prolonged exertions in the war against Troy.

In tracing the plan of Athens, the author avoids the general error of those who, trusting to their own fanciful theories, lose themselves in the mazes of conjecture. He pursues a safer and more satisfactory course, by following the footsteps of Pausanias in the different excursions he made through the city; and he comments with accuracy on the account which the historian has given of the various buildings and their respective situations. By pursuing this simple method, Mr. W. has succeeded in correcting the errors of the commentators on Pausanias, and in throwing a new light on the hitherto confused topography of Athens.

We recommend the whole chapter to the attention of those who wish to form an accurate idea of that city, as it appeared in its pristine greatness. In perusing it, the classical scholar will imagine himself transported back to the period when the Parthenon, the temple of Theseus, and the temple of Jupiter Olympius, existed in all the freshness of inimitable beauty; he will feel himself chained to that memorable spot, where Pericles and Demosthenes delivered their eloquent harangues, and where Socrates and Plato proclaimed their maxims of severe and sublime truth, in the most mellifluous and expressive language in the world.

The next chapter is on the Acropolis; of which we have the following particulars.

"The rock of the Acropolis is on three sides rugged and steep, on the west the ascent is less difficult: here, as in former time, is the only approach.—Its ancient entrance has been closed by the Turks, and the columns in front are almost immured in the buildings of the modern fortification. Proceeding along the platform in front of the portico, we enter a gateway made in the flank of a building attached to the Propylæa, and forming a kind of wing to the edifice; whence, turning suddenly to the left, and following the course of the flank wall, we arrive at the portico of the Propylæa which fronted inwardly toward the Acropolis. When we contemplate the remains of the buildings of the Acropolis, and the imagination has cleared them from the masses that encumber them, we discover sufficient ground for the encomiums lavished by all writers, both ancient and modern, upon the monuments that cast a lustre upon the government of Pericles. Recurring to the ages that have elapsed since their erection, and the ravages inflicted upon them, as well through the wanton excesses of the Goths, as by the destructive engines of modern warfare, we might be prepared for the loss of all beauty and character in these master-pieces of art. But beauty and character still exist, though certainly in a far less degree than before Alaric and the northern barbarians overran Greece, and converted her richest shrines to heaps of ruins."

In a direction nearly south-east from the Propylæa, or portico of the gate of the citadel, stand the remains of the temple of Minerva—Parthenon—in former times the pride of Athens and the boast of architecture. This is the most conspicuous feature of the Acropolis; it out-tops every modern building, and all the ancient ruins by which it is surrounded. The following is Mr. W's description of it.

"The level of the rock which forms the basis of the temple, is more than thirty feet higher than in front of the Propylæa. The platform is elevated three steps above the surrounding ground: the area embraced by the uppermost is little more than 227 feet in length and 101 in width. There were eight columns in the portico of *either* front, and seventeen in the flanks; conformably with the principle of Vitruvius, who asserts that the

number of columns in the flanks of Grecian temples exceeded by one, double the number observed in the fronts.—In the epistylum of the eastern or principal front, triangular holes have been sunk at equal intervals, one under each of the metopæ: they appear to have been made for the insertion of metal cramps, for the support probably of shields of gilt metal, in conformity with the practice observed in the temple of Jupiter at Olympia, whose front, as Pausanias informs us, was thus ornamented. The metopæ were enriched with sculptures executed in high relief; the subject represented is a series of combats between one of the Lapithæ and a Centaur. In the pediments were groups of heroic size; many of the figures were perfect statues, wholly detached from the tympanum, and finished all around. The circumstances attending the fabulous birth of Minerva were represented over the entrance, and the contest between that goddess and Neptune, for the honour of presiding over the affairs of the city, in the western front."

It was from this building that Lord Elgin removed the greater part of the sculptured marbles that form his collection. They are ninety-two in number; of which six statues, mostly in a mutilated state, are from the eastern pediment, five from the western, and six from parts of the edifice that cannot be exactly ascertained. Of the above-mentioned groups, called metopæ, Lord Elgin brought away fourteen from the north side, one from the west, fourteen from the east, and ten from places whose situation is unknown: of this number fourteen are in *alto-relievo*, and fifty-two in *basso-relievo*. We shall be excused for giving Mr. Wilkins's opinion at length on these specimens of Grecian art, as it materially affects a question which has lately excited an uncommon degree of interest.

"In forming an opinion of the merit of the sculptures adorning the parthenon, we must divest our minds of all those associations which diffuse a charm over the productions of the Greeks; and endeavour to consider them abstractedly as works of art. If upon examination they should be found to demand, in this point of view, less of our admiration than is commonly claimed for them, no argument will be thereby afforded against the pre-eminence of Grecian sculpture: the neglect of execution is to be attributed to a laudable economy of talent, which withheld its profuse expenditure upon occasions so little favourable to its display. Whoever considers the composition of the frieze, will not fail to observe, that all the groups, whatever their attitudes, occupy the entire height of the frame. Horsemen, pedestrians, and victors in cars of triumph are all nearly of one uniform height. This *isocephalism* has not been affected without some violation of drawing; but the picture was to be filled, and richness of effect produced at the expense of keeping in the proportions of the parts."

To give weight to his assertions, Mr. W. presents us with a long quotation from 'the learned and accomplished author of an essay on ancient sculpture;' who imagines that, from the degree and mode of relief in the friezes, they appear to

have been intended to produce an effect like that of the simplest kind of monochromatic paintings, when seen from their proper point of sight. He considers the metopæ to be so different in their degrees of merit, as to be evidently the works of many different persons; some of whom would not have been entitled to the rank of artists in a much less cultivated and fastidious age.

Proud of his quotation, Mr. W. exclaims;

“Supported by such authority, we may venture to check that mistaken enthusiasm which venerates these sculptures as the works of Phidias; who rarely, *if ever*, wrought in marble, and whose employment in directing and superintending the works of the Parthenon is too clearly explained to admit of any misconstruction.

“The situation of the sculptures would lead us to expect that their situation was adapted to the circumstances under which they could be inspected. The groups in the pediments, and the figures in the metopæ, might indeed be viewed from a distance more than sufficient to obviate the disadvantages arising from the fore-shortening, occasioned by the proximity of a spectator to the building: but the loss of the minutiae of execution must have been the necessary consequence of this distant inspection; nor could a vigorous effect be produced without extravagant action in the composition, and a disproportionate relief in the details of execution. The sculpture in the frieze along the cella walls, could only have been viewed under great disadvantages: a spectator must have approached within thirty feet of the peristyle, before the whole height of the frieze could be seen by him: he had then to contemplate an object raised more than forty feet above the eye. Removed, therefore, beyond the reach of critical examination, no reason can exist for imagining that all the energies of art should have been exerted in their execution. The better execution of frieze over the two entrances into the body of the temple may, perhaps, be accounted for, by observing, that as these receded farther from the columns before them, the frieze above might be viewed from a greater distance; when the angle made by the axis of vision would be less acute, and the light considerably stronger.”

On this quotation we beg leave to offer a few short observations. It is stated, ‘that Phidias rarely, *if ever*, wrought in marble.’ In opposition to this assertion, we have the testimony of M. Visconti, one of the most learned and accomplished critics of the age, who has produced the evidence of all antiquity against this singularity of opinion. From the expression, ‘enthusiasm which venerates these sculptures as the works of Phidias,’ who would not be led to imagine, that the admirers of the Elgin marbles venerated every piece in the collection as from the hand of Phidias himself? This is by no means the case. Yet, though it would argue absurdity to suppose that, in works of so extensive a nature as those projected and executed by the magnificent Pericles, the greater proportion could have been executed

by the hands of Phidias himself, there is no absurdity in conjecturing that the prominent figures of the groups—the more finished representations of the human form, may have received their last touch from his vivifying hand. At all events, Mr. Wilkins himself does not attempt to deny, that Phidias superintended the execution of those masterpieces of art; and it would be unjust to suppose, that a man of his abilities,—acting in so public and responsible a situation, would admit any piece of sculpture that might tend to destroy the grand effect of the whole. In a word, let any one read over with impartiality the report of the select committee on the Elgin marbles, and he cannot but allow that more deference is due to the concurring testimonies of such men as Canova, Visconti, the president of the Royal Academy, Mr. Flaxman, and a long list of other great artists, than to the almost solitary opinion of Mr. Wilkins: and we must add, that however high our respect may be for his architectural taste and knowledge, yet in matters that regard the merits of sculpture, it would be presumptuous not to side with so dignified a majority. In all probability it will not be long before we shall have an opportunity of delivering our sentiments more at large on this interesting subject; in the mean time, we cannot but congratulate the fine arts on the wise and enlightened decision, that has bequeathed these masterpieces of Grecian genius to a British posterity, instead of suffering the collection to be scattered abroad and to confer celebrity on some foreign country.

Before we hasten to the fourth division of the work, on the buildings of the city, we must let the reader see Mr. Wilkins's remarks on those two beautiful remains, the Erectheum and the Pandroseum.

“The Erectheum has suffered more by wilful spoliation than any other building of the Acropolis: the portion of this edifice dedicated to the protectress of the city, has experienced, in a greater degree, the neglect which accompanied the expiring influence of its tutelary deity. Five columns of its portico, and their epistylia, remain; but, mutilated and shaken, they will not long resist the attacks of time and wanton dismemberment. The wall towards the north is nearly level with the ground; that facing the south exists to a considerable degree; the transverse walls have almost wholly disappeared.

“The Pandroseum was in a state of better preservation, and, had no modern collectors seconded the efforts of the unseen and slow destroyer, future ages might have admired, in the remains of this monument, a striking example of the exquisite taste and the delicacy of execution, so peculiar

to the Greeks. There were originally six statues supporting the south portico of this building, four in front, and one in each return; one of the latter was wanting when Stuart visited Athens. Its place had been ill-supplied by a pile of modern masonry, which disfigured the ancient building, and afforded little aid in upholding it; another has been lately removed, and the unseemliness of the fabric considerably increased, by a substitute of similar rudeness and inefficiency. The statue last removed, was taken from the front of the building, and consequently is one whose loss is more felt, and whose removal is the more to be lamented."

In order to soften down the severity of these remarks, the author adds in a note :

"I am far from joining in the clamour which has been unjustly raised against Lord Elgin, by some recent travellers. As I resided at Athens while the collection, now in England, was removing. I can venture to say, that the absence of what was actually taken down from the Parthenon will scarcely be felt. Had the Erechtheum been suffered to remain untouched, his lordship might have escaped all well-grounded censure. The *advantages* which we may, however, confidently expect to derive from the possession of the collection, are of *too great a magnitude* to permit us long to regret the loss the originals have sustained."

Will not the reader be disposed to wonder, as we do, at this passage—and be led to think that these sentiments are somewhat in opposition to the spirit of the preceding quotations? He will naturally say to himself, surely that which is calculated to produce benefits of such magnitude to the country, must possess a more than common degree of excellence in itself.

In his survey of the buildings of the city, Mr. W. conducts us to the Arch of Hadrian, and entertains us with some just critical discussions on the inscription which it bears. After satisfying himself of the identity of the Clepsydra or water-dial, and of the tower of the winds as described by Vitruvius, he conducts us past the choragic monument of Lysicrates to the theatre of Bacchus, the ruins of which are barely perceptible. From this spot we follow him to the temple of Theseus, of which Stuart has observed, that the travellers who have visited the city of Athens, and the authors who have described its antiquities, all agree that this Doric temple is one of the noblest remains of ancient magnificence, and at present the most entire. But Mr. Wilkins's predecessors had been so laboriously minute on this and most of the remaining objects, that little is left for the exercise of his criticism.

We shall close our extracts with the following remarks on an object which has given rise to more discussion than any other that has engaged our attention.

"In a south-eastern direction from the Acropolis, at the distance of about five hundred yards from the foot of the rock, stand sixteen gigantic columns, of the Corinthian order. They are the remains of a temple which formerly boasted of an hundred and twenty. The length of the edifice, measured upon the upper step, was three hundred and fifty-four feet; its breadth one hundred and seventy-one. The columns of this stupendous edifice were six feet and a half in diameter, and more than sixty feet high. The entire building was constructed with the marble from the quarries of Pentelicus.

"From the contemplation of a building of these extraordinary dimensions, and of a cost commensurate with its extent and the beauty of its execution, we are naturally led to an enquiry after the bold projector of a structure worthy of the Athenian people in the most brilliant period of their history. From among the most celebrated temples of antiquity, Vitruvius has selected four examples, which he extols as surpassing all others in extent and magnificence: these were the temple of Diana at Ephesus, that of Apollo at Miletus, the mystic temple of Ceres at Eleusis, and the temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens.

"Whether or not the ruins in question formed a part of the Athenian temple which ancient writers have concurred in celebrating, may be thought to depend, in a great measure, upon the magnitude of the building in its original state, compared to that of the others with which the Olympicum is conjointly mentioned by Vitruvius; and it is material to the identification of these ruins with the object of the eulogium of this author, to show, that in point of extent, it was not inferior to one, at least of the four selected examples."

Scarcely any author of antiquity who has had occasion to speak of Athens, fails to mention the efforts made to complete a temple dedicated to Jupiter Olympius. It remained unfinished till the time of Hadrian, though it appears to have been projected in the first instance by Pisistratus. Our author's conclusion is, that these columns are the remains of this wonderful structure; and we think his conclusion as just as his reasonings are ingenious.

Of the work in general, we would say, that in it has been accomplished the object for which it was undertaken; and we are persuaded that it will be perused with pleasure by all for whom Greece and her antiquities have charms, and who wish to attain a clear idea of the principal monuments of Athens and their relative situations.

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ART. VII.—*Discourses on the Evidence of the Jewish and Christian Revelation.* By Sir HENRY MONCRIEF WELLWOOD, Bart. D.D., &c.

(Concluded from page 45.)

It was not unreasonable to suppose, that those who already believed in the existence and superintendence of one only God, would be much better prepared for the reception of Christianity, than those who blindly invested with the attributes and honours of the Deity every object of their fear and love: and consequently that Jews would become Christians more readily than Greeks or Vandals. But in this, as in many other cases, the result to which experience conducts, is different from that which theory would lead us to expect; for it has been found much more easy to expose the absurdity of polytheism, than to demonstrate to the satisfaction of some zealous theists, that our faith is built upon a sound foundation. Where a disposition to be convinced is wanting, the progress made in religious knowledge is an impediment, rather than a help to conviction on some abstruse subjects in Christian theology. The founder of our religion himself, when he invites us to cultivate docility of mind, clearly intimates the necessity of it; and there is no other way of accounting for the scepticism of many men of enlarged capacity, than by supposing them unwilling to be convinced. It cannot be doubted, after what we have all seen, that prejudice is generally much more difficult to combat than ignorance; and that argument is seldom very efficacious when it opposes the passions or the interests of men. The pride of the Jew was wounded, and his ambitious expectations disappointed, by the Christian dispensation; and he could not be persuaded to believe that the prophecies had been fulfilled. The less enlightened, but more humble Pagan soon discovered the superiority of the new system, and yielded to the evidence which his own senses, or the sufficient testimony of others, so amply afforded him. The correct opinions which the Jews entertained respecting the Supreme Being were accompanied with certain other opinions and traditions for which there was no good foundation; and they would have parted as readily with the one, as with the others. Their minds were satisfied as to the conduct which God had resolved to pursue with his creatures; and

when given to understand that this conduct was to be different from what they expected, instead of applying diligently to the enquiry—whether it was consistent with what they had a right to expect, they came hastily to the fatal conclusion, that the promulgator of this disagreeable doctrine was not the Messiah of the *God of Israel*.

Besides the unfortunate position of their affairs, which seemed, as we formerly observed, to require a temporal deliverer rather than a spiritual ruler, there were other causes which served to account for their erroneous suppositions respecting the character of the Messiah. The rewards and punishments assigned to their conduct by the law were, for the most part, temporal; and they do not, except in a very few instances, appear to have been accustomed to look for any of their happiness beyond the grave. Worldly prosperity and the peaceable possession of a land flowing with milk and honey, were the inducements usually held out for obedience to the will of God; while every species of temporal adversity were threatened as the punishment of disobedience. As a nation, the penalty of their sins was that their enemies should prevail against them, that they should be deprived of the land which the Lord their God had given them, and carried into captivity among strangers: as individuals, they were taught to expect poverty, calamity, disease, and death: but further than this they had no apprehensions; they did not suppose that the sinner would have to endure, in another state of existence, the misery which his offences had entailed upon him. The most abandoned offenders received with horror the dreadful sentence—"Thy carcase shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers;"—but, for their immortal part, they seem to have been under no alarm. Both their hopes and their fears regarded sublunary things; while those which they were told the Christian religion would inspire, were of a higher kind. The feelings to which appeal was to be made, as well as the doctrines which were to be propagated, were quite new to them;—why wonder then that the appeal was in many instances unsuccessful, and that the doctrines frequently met with opposition or neglect?

That firm attachment to the ceremonial part of their law, for which, especially after the captivity, they were so remarkable, was an insurmountable obstacle in the way of their conversion to Christianity; as they could not but look with a jealous eye upon a teacher, who seemed to undervalue its efficacy, and to intend its abrogation. They were not fully

convinced of the important truth—that “to obey is better than sacrifice;” and their displeasure was excited by being told, that no outward sanctity, no heartless shew of reverence for the Deity, no strictness of adherence to forms—though of divine appointment, could atone for the wilful violation of any of those precepts of morality and piety, of which external observances ought to be merely the signs. They certainly were not prepared to hear “that circumcision availed nothing;” and they felt the most poignant disappointment at discovering that their religious rites, instead of being made obligatory upon the rest of mankind, were, for the future, to become unnecessary even to themselves. They knew the Mosaic dispensation to be of heavenly origin, and it was their pride and delight. The person calling himself the Messiah, in his addresses to the people, annulled ancient institutions to which they were fondly attached; and laid additional stress upon others which were already disagreeable to them. With the multitude, therefore, a plausible argument was used;—“Will God destroy his own work? This man of Gallilee, who pretends to be the Christ, if he were sent by God, would not set himself up in opposition to God’s ordinances. He is an impostor, and we will not believe on him.”

It did not, moreover, serve to recommend the new dispensation to the Jews, that the benefits to flow from it were to be universally felt; although the words in which the original prophecy was conveyed, clearly expressed that *all the nations of the earth* were to be blessed in the Redeemer of Israel. The Jews, indeed, had little intercourse of a friendly kind with any of the nations that surrounded them. By all of them they were despised; by many of them they had been, at various times, cruelly oppressed; and while they must have considered it a palpable violation of the law to admit the Gentiles to an unconditional participation in their privileges, they must also have thought it disgraceful to be reconciled with their inveterate enemies, without having exacted the atonement, which, in conformity with the usual practice of nations, they regarded as justly their due. They had been accustomed to look upon an affront offered to them as to be expiated only by the utter destruction of those who offered it; and the many instances in which, as their history informs us, the wickedness of their neighbours had provoked the Almighty to command their destruction, and to make his chosen people the instrument of their punishment, encouraged

the expectation that God would again fight on their side, and again enable them to triumph. The divine precepts—"Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you"—had not found their way into Judæa; and the Jews, as well as the rest of the world, thought themselves fully at liberty to usurp the peculiar attribute of the King of kings, and to execute vengeance on all who injured them.

There was also another objection, which, though of slight importance during the life-time of our Lord, and before the scheme of Christianity came to be fully understood, deserves to be mentioned, on account of the consequences it afterwards produced. The Gentiles were not simply to be admitted into the Christian covenant; they were to be admitted without being obliged to submit to those forms and ceremonies which God had appointed for the proselytes to Judaism. They could not help thinking that, if the heathen could be entitled to all the blessings then offered to mankind without yielding to circumcision and the other legal observances, that moral and religious pre-eminence which they trusted they had maintained, would eventually be lost, and the name of *Jew* come to denote nothing more than the nation to which the individual who bore it belonged. It must have been most displeasing to those who valued themselves upon being God's favourite people, and elevated above the rest of mankind by a peculiar revelation, and by laws and customs established by Heaven itself, to discover that the spiritual kingdom of Christ was to embrace the whole human race alike; and that they were to receive no higher honours or rewards in it, than those to which the Gentiles might aspire. It must have mortified them to reflect, that the burden of the law had been borne by them in vain. And, on the whole, we cannot wonder that they did not witness without regret the disappointment of their long-cherished hopes of receiving in the Messiah a prince and a conqueror, who should redress their wrongs and revenge their injuries; who should reign over them in earthly glory, and fasten the heavy yoke of their ceremonial law upon the necks of all around them.

Such were the obstacles opposed to the reception of the glad tidings of salvation. And though we cannot, consistently with the positive declaration of scriptures, and with the rule we have ourselves laid down, allow that such arguments amount to a justification of the conduct observed by the Jews; yet it must (we think) be admitted, that circum-

stances like those just mentioned, when properly considered, reduce their guilt to the level of that incurred by some other nations, who have met with much more mercy from their fellow-creatures. But as we do not desire for them any thing more than they are fairly entitled to, we shall proceed to consider how far their conduct has been in wilful opposition to the light they had, or might have had, from revelation.

It has been regarded as the peculiar glory of Christianity, that by it "life and immortality have been clearly brought to light." If no revelation had been made to the Jews on this subject, they might be excused in having set themselves deliberately to oppose the gospel (so far as this interesting doctrine is concerned); and all that could be urged against them would be, that they had suffered their prejudices to get the better of their reason. But, unfortunately for them, this is not exactly the case. The doctrine was not unknown among them, though by no means clearly understood. The more enlightened Hebrews, in every age, probably looked forward to a future state, to which we, who have been instructed by subsequent events, find evident allusions in many parts of the Old Testament; but the majority, we may believe, had their doubts, or knew very little, if any thing, about it. Perhaps, even the most enlightened had but an obscure idea of the divine conduct observable in this world being only part of a great plan, the operation of which was destined not to terminate with the existence of our globe, but to continue to all eternity. The Psalmist himself seems to have found considerable difficulty in accounting for the temporal prosperity of the wicked; and, though he could not think of arraigning the equity of God's government, to have often considered "the ways of Heaven as dark and intricate." Had this sublime doctrine been *clearly* understood by him, all difficulty would have vanished.—It cannot be pretended that, in later times, even those who were not the best informed were entirely ignorant of it; as it became a point of controversy between two contending sects, the Pharisees and the Sadducees, and one of the chief marks by which they were distinguished from each other. But as the opinions of the Pharisees were probably collected as much from the writings of the heathen philosophers as from their own scriptures, we may suppose that they were very different from those which we entertain; and that they were published with

a view to the display of their superior learning, rather than to the practical and moral efficacy of the truth contained in them. There is an interesting chapter on this subject in the work before us; a summary of which we shall present to our readers in the author's own words.

"Scepticism has often attempted to wound Christianity by malignant strictures upon Judaism; and, in particular, has affected to consider the doctrines of immortality, so intimately connected with every sound principle of religion, as having been excluded from the Old Testament revelation; and, what is much more important, some of the most learned defenders, both of Judaism and Christianity, have, from very different views, professed to adopt the same idea.

"On the other hand, the sacrifice of Abel;—the translation of Enoch and Elijah;—the faith of Abraham;—the vision at Bethel,—and the last demonstrations of the faith of Jacob;—the language of Job,—of Solomon,—of the most distinguished Jewish prophets in succession;—and, what is most important of all, the language of devotion which runs through every department of the ancient Scriptures, and which would lose all its force and interest, on any supposition but the firm persuasion of the certainty of the world to come, added to the animated descriptions given by the prophets of the Messiah's reign, and of the redemption of the human race, so inseparably involved with the immortality of man, go far indeed to demonstrate, that the doctrines of immortality, veiled, as they were, by the peculiar forms of the ancient dispensation, were not withheld from the Jewish people at any period of their history; but that, on the contrary, they formed at all times an important article of their peculiar faith, on which their devout men relied as their best consolation, and which, in all the ages of antiquity, distinguished Judea from every other country.

"This general representation is supported by the language of the New Testament; and, in particular, by the direct references made by Christ and his apostles to the Jewish Scriptures, when they professed to illustrate the doctrines of immortality, and of the resurrection of the dead.

"There were certainly opinions on the subject of an existence after death, among other ancient nations, as well as among the Jews. But the best of those opinions were removed far indeed from the pure doctrine of immortality which Jews and Christians embrace; and, though they had been much purer and more decided than they were, they were completely inefficient as practical doctrines, and were never promulgated, either to control the passions, or to influence the conduct of the people at large. They had a place neither in the religion nor in the morality of the western world; and in the east, they have been at all times employed to sustain the pride and tyranny of the superior orders, and to pervert rather than to ameliorate the characters of the multitude.

"On the other hand, the believing Jew rested his faith of immortality on the revelation of God, which was equally acceptable to every order of the people, and which was attested by every fact, on which the history of the government of his country depended."—p. 147 to 149.

To those who had no notion of a future state, the accounts of the Messiah's greatness must have seemed to apply to his earthly existence, or they must have been wholly unintelli-

gible. Such persons could not imagine, how a man who had terminated a life of wretchedness by an ignominious death, could become the head of an empire which should extend over all the earth. They could not conceive how the followers of a Master, "who had not where to lay his head," should be rewarded with honours so transcendant as those which they had been taught to expect; or how the meekest and the most unambitious of men could be appointed by God, to take vengeance upon his enemies and vindicate his offended laws. Those who thought not of that day of final retribution which has been so clearly revealed to us, naturally expected a Saviour who was to descend, clothed in unwonted terrors, on the rebellious heathen, and triumphantly to rescue the people whom he had separated from their oppressors. They could not easily conceive, how it was compatible with God's promises, that the servants of their Messiah should forsake all to be entitled to follow him, and surrender every earthly comfort they enjoyed, and every hope they had so fondly cherished, that they might enter into his kingdom. The Redeemer, it is true, was at hand to explain all this to them; but numberless rooted prejudices were to be encountered; and there is more room to regret, than to be surprised, that the darkness was not dispelled. Let us imagine ourselves placed in their situation; and enquire, whether, if information had been brought us, that an object on which we had fixed our hearts for ages, and which we had flattered ourselves was, at length, almost within our reach, could be obtained only in another world of which we had heard nothing distinctly,—and even there, only after a life of trouble and temptation here,—whether, I say, we should not have been somewhat startled, and have felt our constancy a good deal shaken? The Jews were as good in ancient times as circumstances would permit; and they are not worse now than ought to be expected.

The character of the Saviour had not been ascertained in the prophetic writings, so as to make an erroneous opinion respecting it inexcusable. To us, who contemplate the prophecies after they have been illustrated by events, he seems clearly enough revealed as "a man of sorrows;" but by them, who had not this assistance, the splendid descriptions of his glory in heaven were easily mistaken for allusions to his magnificence on earth. We are apt to forget, that the case of the Jews, with respect to the prophecies relating to the Messiah, once resembled ours at this moment, with respect

to many of the predictions in the Revelations. Succeeding ages will probably be surprised at the number of erroneous explanations of these which we daily see offered and received as extremely just. And whoever will give himself the trouble of considering the nature and design of prophecy, will allow that such must necessarily be the case. A prediction should be expressed in terms so precise, as to leave no doubt in the minds of those who witness its fulfilment, of its having been duly fulfilled; but it should not be so plainly expressed, as to give rise to a notion, that its completion can be brought about by human means alone, and by agents interested in the event. Had not this rule obtained, one of the most important distinctions between the oracles of the God of Israel, and many of the celebrated oracles of Heathen antiquity; and between the prophets of the Lord and the Pagan soothsayers, could not have existed. By applying this rule to a passage we are about to transcribe, the reader will discover the infinite advantage which we of the present day possess over all those, who did not live to witness the things which we have seen and heard.

“The prophecies which relate to Christianity alone, and which cannot be intelligibly applied to any other subject, unquestionably furnish the chief argument for the authority of the Gospel, which can be derived from prophetic revelation. Though originally so far obscure, as not to have deranged the order of human affairs, they appear, after the accomplishment, to have been so clear and definite, as to be then distinctly seen to have described the events to which they were intended to relate. Though they were taken separately, they would be so. They would have been so, though they had been delivered but a few years before their completion. But most certainly the evidence which they afford us is far more conclusive, when we consider them as belonging to one continued series of prophecy concerning the same person and the same events—carried on, sometimes at near, and sometimes at remote intervals, from the beginning of the world to the close of the ancient revelation.

“If some of them are more explicit than others, each of them reflects some degree of light on the rest; and the whole of them, when presented in one view, form a body of evidence for the truth of Christianity, far more convincing than any proof which can result from the accomplishment of the clearest single prophecies, when unconnected with the rest of the series.

“When we see the whole succession of ancient prophecies combined; collected at last from what superficial observers had regarded as detached or ambiguous predictions; and see how closely they are linked together, as prophecies of the Messiah’s kingdom,—how exactly they apply to the same events, in which they were all ultimately designed to terminate—how much light every successive prophecy reflects on the predictions given before—and with how much simplicity and depth of design, the form given them in the Old Testament scriptures is adapted to the original intentions of God, for the restoration of the human race;—it is impossible not to perceive, that the common objections made to prophecy are taken from

the very circumstances, which most obviously indicate profound and unerring wisdom.

"He who will not believe that such a series of prophecy, clearly fulfilled, affixes the authority of God to that to which it bears testimony, or that a revelation, to which such a series of prophecy applies, is entitled to our faith and confidence, would not be easily convinced by any other species of proof which could be offered."—p. 454 to 456.

It will be observed that, till after the *death* of our Redeemer, it was impossible to lay before any man such a body of evidence of this kind as that which has just been described, and which so many enlightened persons of our own time have disdainfully rejected. The Jews, then, before the *Advent*, may well be excused for having entertained an erroneous expectation; and surely, by a Christian, the chief characteristic of whose profession is charity, prejudices so strong, and handed down through many generations, may be received as some palliation of the conduct of their descendants.

If some among the Jews had been thoroughly enlightened by the gospel, we should have had a right to maintain, that others ought to have been enlightened in a considerable measure; for the same sources of information were open to all. But all were nearly alike—the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned, those who were the chosen followers and disciples of our Lord, and those who persecuted and rejected him—the whole nation, in short, was subject to deep-rooted prejudices, which, though fatal to many among them, were however necessary, that the purposes of God might be attained. Who was there, of the thousands who occasionally followed the steps and listened to the instructions of the blessed Jesus, who did it not in the hope that he would soon be induced to make himself known as a king; and, by the exercise of those miraculous powers of which they knew him to be possessed, to perform deeds like those of the days of old, and establish an universal dominion? Did the disciples, his companions in every toil and distress—those faithful servants of whose good qualities we have the fullest evidence, whose readiness to follow him at the risk of every earthly interest was so remarkable, and who had the incalculable advantage of being constantly admitted to his company and conversation; did they—even they, understand the nature of that kingdom which their Divine Master came to found? The reader of sacred history can tell you, that they continued, almost to the last,

anticipating earthly honours and distinctions as the reward of their services and attachment; and that even among them dissensions were excited by worldly ambition. The assistance of the Holy Spirit was necessary, to enable them to comprehend the real character and object of their Lord. In the prophetic song of Simeon, it is true, "the Glory of Israel" is hailed as "the light which was to lighten the Gentiles;" but it was long before any of the Apostles could admit the universality of Christ's church; and longer still before they could all agree in admitting it.

We know how they were all affected by the near prospect of his death; how—when his enemies seemed to prevail against him, and their hopes of empire appeared to be at an end, they all "forsook him and fled." Would they have forsaken him in his utmost need, had they been fully persuaded that he was "the Christ, the Son of God?" Had their faith been such as it might have been, and as it afterwards became, "though they had died with him, yet would they not have forsaken him." But, like the rest, they distrusted his power to save himself and them. They had not yet been made to understand that, by the tragedy of horror about to be performed, that which was spoken by the prophets would be fulfilled. Even after his death, when they must have recovered from their panic, they deeply regretted his loss, as that of "a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people;" but they did not regard him as the Saviour. "We trusted" (it is their own pathetic expression) "we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." And surely, if this defection of the very disciples of our Lord admits of any excuse, something may justly be conceded in favour of the conduct of the great body of their countrymen. These crucified him; those betrayed, deserted, and denied him.

We pursue this ample theme no further. A complete treatise on such a subject is not to be expected within the limits to which we are confined; and the reader's own reflections will easily supply much of that which we know to be wanting. Our purpose will be answered, if the claims of the descendants of the people of God to a somewhat larger portion of candour than they have hitherto experienced, should come to be impartially considered. Their case is fully before the public, through means of the enlightened society which has taken up their cause. To the transactions of that society we refer our readers—contenting ourselves, in the mean time, with inviting

their attention to an interesting passage at the conclusion of these Discourses.

“From all these different views of Judaism and Christianity, the evidence of both, whether it be taken from external proofs or from internal characters, may be in a great measure resolved into questions of fact, which can be ascertained by the same means, as the authenticity of any other memorial of ancient times.

“While the substance of the Jewish and Christian revelations is as open to direct examination in the latest as in the earliest ages, we are more competent to decide on its manifest superiority to every other system of faith or morals, than even they who lived in the ages when it was first committed to writing. As far as the superiority of the Christian doctrine and morality has been proved, by their effects on the state of the world, we have certainly facts to enlighten our judgment, which the earliest believers did not possess, and which they could only anticipate from the manifest tendency, or from the immediate effects in their own times, of the doctrines which they embraced. The history of revelation is the pledge of its authenticity; and the testimony of successive ages accumulates the practical demonstrations, as effectually as it ascertains the original proofs of its authority.

“Christianity contains the only doctrine which has ever been promulgated for salvation to the human race, with any semblance of reason or authority. It is the only doctrine which is alike suited to the circumstances of every order and condition of mankind; which is not less effectual to console them in the day of affliction, than to teach them how to enjoy the prosperity which is given them; which is equally calculated to promote their best interests in the present life, and to guide them to the faith and hope of a better world.

“They who allow themselves to reject Christianity, with all these circumstances in its favour; or, what has exactly the same effect upon themselves, who venture to neglect it, without having ever made it a subject of serious enquiry, abandon at once every intelligible expectation beyond this transitory life, as well as every rational consolation, which can be opposed, either to inevitable calamities, or to approaching death.”—

p. 472 to 474.

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“If this be in any degree a correct account of what they profess to disbelieve, it certainly concerns them nearly to consider well what that is which they embrace on the other side.

“They unquestionably embrace no other faith, concerning moral duties or eternal salvation, which they can seriously pretend to place in competition with the morality or with the doctrines of the Gospel. If they affect to set religion and morality at variance, at least they add nothing either to the weight or to the purity of their maxims, when they abandon the authority of Christian morals. While they profess to release mankind from what they describe as the intolerable fetters of religion, they are in truth doing every thing in their power to dissolve the most important moral obligations of mankind; and on the ruins of the mild and estimable virtues of genuine Christianity, to rear and perpetuate the most pernicious vices of the superior orders, and all the atrocities of the lawless multitude.

“With all their zeal against the foundations of Christian hope, they profess to be in possession of no other grounds of assurance, concerning

the world to come; concerning a future state, either of happiness or retribution; concerning any consequences of human conduct, to be either expected or apprehended beyond the grave.

"All that they can tell of themselves is absorbed in the wretched insensibility of thoughtless indifference, or of obstinate unbelief; and if they shall ever seriously examine their state of mind, they will find, that they have nothing to console them but the dark uncertainty concerning all that is to come, which they never set themselves in earnest, either to verify or to dissipate. By rejecting the evidence of Christianity, they renounce the consolations, by which the Gospel sheds light and peace on every habitation of sincere believers; and, on the other side, they have nothing to embrace but the uncertain and comfortless reveries of querulous and hopeless unbelief; on which, even their greatest zeal against Christianity does not enable them to rely; and from which, with whatever degree of confidence they imagine themselves to receive them, they can never derive one cheering expectation.

"Our blessed Saviour did not publish his doctrines, without forewarning his disciples, that, in its progress among many nations, it would be often, like himself, despised and rejected; and that it would in every age be derided by men reputed wise. But he said to them what he says to sincere believers of every time, 'Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me.'"—p. 478 to 480.

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ART. VIII.—*Julia of Ardenfield; a Novel.* Law and Whittaker. 1816. Two Vols. 10s. 6d.

**T**HIS performance is prefaced by the following laconic address:

"To the Reader.—It is to you I dedicate my work, for I want no other patron. If it please you, take the trouble of saying so to others; and give me any chance of success that I may deserve. If I appear to have failed, pass on. We sow many seeds to raise one flower.

THE AUTHOR."

It comes, we are told, from the pen of a lady, and is her first attempt to amuse the public. It is short, which is a recommendation; and it is by no means uninteresting. The characters, though none of them are very striking, are drawn with spirit; and the style is easy and flowing, and in general correct. The plot, which is exceedingly simple, may be unfolded in a very few words.

Julia Mortimer is an orphan, whose parents died during her infancy. She is under the protection of Lord Bellamour; and when her education is completed, she goes to reside in his family. Lady Bellamour is a young, beautiful, and accomplished woman. She elopes with Sir Frederic Travers,

who is shortly afterwards killed in a duel; and she herself dies of a broken heart. Lord Bellamour then marries Julia; whose virtues and amiable demeanour amply repay him for the unhappiness which the indiscreet conduct of his former wife had occasioned. This is the bare outline of the story, which is, however, considerably diversified. The narrative is rendered interesting by the introduction of several well-drawn characters.

The following extract from the second volume will, we doubt not, be acceptable to our readers.

"Lady Bellamour had made it an earnest request to Julia, that her remains might be privately interred in the village-church at Ardenfield. Her desire was complied with.

"After the funeral, Lord Bellamour continued near a month with Mrs. Selwyn. His spirits were uncommonly depressed; and he found in her society, and in the tender and endearing kindness of Julia, such comfort to his wounded mind, that he scarcely knew how to leave them.

"His affairs in Scotland, however, which he had left unfinished, intending to return there, after he had completed his Irish tour, required his presence. He determined to depart thither directly, and arrange every thing preparatory to a long absence. It was his present intention to travel on the Continent, perhaps, for two or three years.

"When the two months had elapsed which he proposed passing in Scotland, Julia became extremely anxious, in the daily expectation of seeing him again. But he came not: and his letters always contained some excuse for not returning to Ardenfield.

"After he had been absent more than four months, she was rejoiced with receiving a letter from him, announcing his intention of being at Mrs. Selwyn's, in the course of the ensuing week. But the momentary delight she felt in the idea of seeing him again was instantly dispelled, when she remembered that he was coming to take a long, perhaps a last, farewell.

"Nor were the sensations of Lord Bellamour less acutely painful. He had long been tenderly attached to Julia; not merely by the ties which bound him to her as her only friend and protector; nor yet by the admiration which her youth and loveliness excited;—but by ardent respect for her meritorious character, and warm affection for her truly feminine and engaging qualities. To have united his fate with her's, would have been the most anxious wish of his heart; but he never, for a moment, supposed it possible, that Julia could seriously think of accepting as a husband, a man old enough to be her father, and whom she had ever considered in that sacred character. He had protracted the painful moment of parting with her, till he could no longer find any excuse for delaying his intentions of going abroad. He, therefore, no further hesitated, but, struggling with his feelings, he bent his way to Ardenfield, to bid adieu to her and to his children. He arrived there late in the evening, and intended to quit it in the course of the next day.

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"By degrees, he drew from her the confession of her long-cherished secret. How fondly did he gaze upon the artless countenance, which, with downcast eye and blushing cheek, told, in every expressive glance, that he only had ever been the object of her tenderest love.

"As soon as a year, from the time of Lady Bellamour's decease, had elapsed, he led to the altar the young and beautiful Julia: a grateful and a happy bride! She brought him, indeed, no splendid dowry; but she gave him the treasure of a virtuous heart and a well-principled mind. In the calm and peaceful happiness of his second marriage, Lord Bellamour found an ample recompence for the sorrows of his first ill-fated union."

We can safely recommend this novel—especially to our female readers; the main object of it being to shew the misery which inevitably follows any considerable relaxation of those restraints which prudence has placed as a guard upon virtue.

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ART. IX.—*Margaret of Anjou; a Poem. In Ten Cantos.*

By MISS HOLFORD, Author of "Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk." Murray, 1816. 4to. 2l. 2s.

AN epic poem is a serious affair. It is easy for persons of liberal education, taste, and ingenuity, familiar with the works of the best poets of the day, to embody a few elegant conceptions in appropriate musical language; and the great number of good verses which are daily written and published, must convince us that the present generation is by no means deficient in metrical ability. But, to sustain the interest of a continued narrative throughout ten cantos; to adhere to the facts, and yet embellish the details of history; to fill up the outline of the biographical portraits given by the severe chroniclers of the times; is no ordinary effort of the human mind: and as such we consider this last work of a lady who is deservedly classed with the most esteemed of our living bards.

The poem opens with an avowal of immediate inspiration from the Muse, which some of the subsequent pages do not dispose us to deny; and then describes the hermitage of St. John of Beverley, the holy man of Walden, who

"Thought it meet thro' life to go  
"Frowning in voluntary wo."

The guilty, vindictive, but high-souled Margaret is then brought upon the canvas; and her attitude is sketched in these lines.

"Now, who is she, whose awful mien,  
Whose dauntless step's firm dignity,  
Whose high-arch'd brow, sedate, serene,  
Whose eye, unbending, strong and keen,  
The solemn presence hint of conscious majesty?"

p. 4.

The young Plantagenet, the interesting victim of civil wars and royal feuds, is more happily described.

“ Nature, when with creative toil,  
By unmark'd crowds, thou moulded man,  
The trampled earth, the common soil,  
Supplies the general plan;—  
But when a godlike soul demands  
Fit clothing from thy skilful hands,  
Thy care explores the secret mine  
Where gold is form'd, where diamonds shine :  
Earth's finest atoms never yet  
To mould a fairer fabric met,

Than shrin'd the spirit bright of young Plantagenet.”—p. 7.

Margaret, in discourse with her faithful adherent Clifford, displays rancorous hate and vindictive fury against her enemies. Edward, her son, evinces natural bravery, mingled with pity for the fallen. Clifford and his young master depart to join the forces in the field of Hexham; and Margaret remains alone with her ambitious hopes and fears.

“ She was alone : nor sound, nor sight,  
Or near or distant, met her sense;  
T'was like the stillness of the night,  
Or fearful pausing of suspense.  
That breathless, noiseless calm opprest  
The warrior queen's unquiet breast.  
She fear'd, though all unus'd to fear,  
And, trembling, felt that God was near!  
Yet Margaret pray'd not, tho' her child,  
Her only child, mid havoc stood,  
And hardly staid the effort wild  
Of foeman burning for his blood.—  
She rais'd not for her gallant son  
The mother's tender orison!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now from the distant battle-field  
A mingled sound of tumult came;  
The lady starts—for all her frame  
With strange delight is thrill'd.

“ The stern defiance then is past !  
Our trumpets have provok'd the foe,  
And at the loud triumphant blast  
Rebellion veils his caitiff brow ;—  
Lo, they encounter !—horse to horse  
In gallant onset wildly dashing !  
Methinks I mark their headlong 'course,—  
I hear, I hear, the menace hoarse !  
I see their faulchions fiery flashing !  
I hear the pond'rous shock of arms together clashing.

\* \* \* \* \*

" Ill didst thou, Nature, to combine  
With woman's form a soul like mine!  
What heart in either grim array  
Throbs to the charge with wilder beat!  
What ear so loves the trumpet's bray  
That bids contending thousands meet!  
Whose thirst like mine, when blood of foes  
Warm from the gasping fountain flows!  
Whose nerves more firmly brac'd to dare!  
Who loves like me to crush, who hates like me to spare!" p. 18.

Beaufort brings news of the success of the Lancastrian arms to the queen; who, dissatisfied with his premature report, betrays her impatience and scorn; to which he replies with spirit.

The second canto begins with one of those general moral reflections, which come home to every one's "business and concerns," and are a great relief to the solemn and continuous march of the epopee. The second stanza contains ordinary thoughts expressed with grace.

" If yesterday,  
With lightsome step, escap'd thee, sorrow.  
Thou dost but lurk beside the way  
To spring upon thy prey to-morrow,  
And seize, secure, the fools who lie  
Charm'd by enjoyment's lullaby!  
Does Hope allure—does Pleasure smile?  
Then tread the rosy path with trembling,  
For Pleasure beckons to beguile,  
And Hope's fair promise is dissembling!  
Oh, then,—tho' azure be thy sky,  
Look for the cloud which comes to-morrow;  
Thus only, man, may'st thou defy  
The unchanging word of destiny,  
Which to thy guilty lip decreed the cup of sorrow!" p. 40.

Margaret, expecting the result of the battle, sits alone, anxiously watching the moon; and breaks forth into this apostrophe to the planet of the night.

" Oh! thus, predominant, alone,  
Thus would I fill the boundless scene,  
And from my lofty-seated throne,  
Like thee my smiles and frowns bestow,  
Beheld with silent awe, by multitudes below." p. 42.

Prince Edward slowly advances in attendance on the wounded and dying Clifford, whom Margaret, in all the pitiless selfishness of her character, proposes, in her eagerness for flight, to abandon in his last agonies. The feelings

of Edward shine by contrast. The queen, impatient of defeat and disappointment, during her flight with her wounded, but uncomplaining son, bitterly accuses Fate and her friends of the ill-fortune of the day, which she reads in the silence of the prince.—He faints from the pain of his wound; and the feelings of the mother are at last awakened in the hard bosom of the queen. At this period of the poem, the story of the robber, of which so exquisite a graphic illustration has been made by Westall, is introduced, and told with great effect. The robber lifts his princely charge, and bears him to the cottage of a peasant; where the proud daughter of Regnier eagerly seeks food and shelter. Toward the close of this canto, an interesting youth, Gerald, the village *leech* and minstrel, is introduced to heal the wounds of Edward.

Soon as the morrow dawns, Margaret, who still feels that she has at her command a subject and an adherent, despatches her grim attendant and preserver, Rudolph the robber, to the field of Hexham, to gain intelligence of the fortune of the fight and the fate of the vanquished. Edward, restored by the skill and tenderness of Gerald, relates to his mother the story of the battle, so far as he witnessed it, and the humanity and prowess of an unknown friend who rushed forward to save him from the murderous stab of Hastings, ere the traitor could repeat the blow which wounded him. Toward the decline of this day, the clang of martial bands is heard approaching; Margaret, determined not to be taken alive, seizes the spear of her son; and rushes from the cottage in desperation. Gerald, aware of the peril of Edward, if discovered, in order to deceive his enemies, practises a stratagem which is favoured by the deep slumber of the prince. He covers him with herbs and flowers, and chants over him the dirge of the dead. In the midst of this mournful solemnity, the queen returns, radiant with hope, elate with pride, and escorted by a knight in sable armour, whom Edward immediately recognises as his preserver in the field of Hexham. When urged to “unfold himself,” this unknown hero tells of his encounters with the adherents of the House of York, and of his meeting with the unburied corse of Clifford, to which he gave such obsequies as an unaided friend and soldier might bestow. He had sat all night by the new-made grave, chanting orisons and uttering fervent prayers for the soul of the departed;—with the morning came repose and forgetfulness.

“ As half-unarm’d and prone I lay,  
The day tow’ds fervid noon advanc’d.  
And now a bright and dazzling ray  
On my unshelter’d eye-lids glanc’d,  
And starting, I awoke—when, lo!  
Before me stood a form so grim,—  
Shuddering, methought I look’d on *him*,  
Man’s everlasting foe!—  
He had stol’n on slumber’s helpless hour  
And watch’d me with malignant low’r!—  
With struggle vain to rise I tried,  
I lay beneath the ruffian’s stride  
He held me in his pow’r.” p. 133.

This ferocious assailant proves to be Rudolph, the appointed *scout* of Queen Margaret; who, finding that the unknown whom he tramples on, is a friend to the Lancastrians, releases him from his iron-grasp, and with the sullen pride of a ruffian raised to the confidence of majesty, guides him to the retreat of the queen. The stranger-knight ends his tale; the rustic owner of the cot returns from his daily toil, and with him the kind and skilful Gerald, who had left it on the entrance of the queen. The stranger, from whose brow the beaver is now unbraced, gazes on the tawny but delicately-featured boy; the flush of delighted astonishment rises on each conscious brow; the seeming boy sinks into the arms of the warrior, who exclaims “My Geraldine!” and the canto ends.

The fourth canto reveals to us, by some very tender writing, that Gerald (the knight) and Geraldine (the peasant-boy) are not lovers, but a brother and sister, who had suffered shipwreck, in which each supposed the other had been lost. They kneel in token of allegiance to the queen; whose favour Gerald bespeaks for his sister in a very strange phrase, which smells strongly of the Royal Institution, where many ladies have acquired an intimacy with the *terms*, without an acquaintance with the *soul* of science.

“ Oh lady! let thy royal bosom  
Protect and shield this fragile blossom!  
Foster’d by thy benignant hand  
Its *pale corolla* shall expand.” p. 150.

Margaret deems her son too warm in his professions of gratitude and affection toward his lovely physician, and checks the ardour of his feelings. The gloomy and perturbed spirit of Gerald, who had before confessed a secret and hopeless sorrow, breaks out into self-reviling and the confession of

madness. He informs the queen of his having unconsciously committed fratricide—a circumstance but too common in those distracted days of tumult and civil war; and his narration leaves upon the mind, at the close of this canto, an impression of the deepest commiseration.

The fifth canto is given to both love and terror. It opens with an account of the impression made upon the heart of Edward by the graces of Geraldine, now by the kindness of her rustic host, clad in a female garb and freed from her dark disguise; and it closes with the return of Rudolph, accompanied by a mysterious personage, shrouded by the cowl of a monk. He tells of the execution of Somerset, and expatiates with savage joy on the horrors he recounts. We like the style in which Miss Holford begins her lays. The sixth breathes the true spirit of poësy.

“ Is it not sweet awhile to turn  
From life's realities! to flee  
From sober truth with visage stern  
To sport with gentle phantasy!  
To shun the irksome things that are,  
And mock the cold rebuke of care!  
Who would not, lur'd by Fancy's smile,  
Cast down his burthen for awhile?  
Who would not for awhile forget  
To fear what future hours may bring,  
To trace the past with vain regret,  
Or groan, whilst present sorrows wring,  
And twist, and strain each bosom-string?  
Who would not listen to the song  
Which lulls to fairy dreams our visionary throng?” p. 237.

Rudolph continues, in this canto, his animated narrative; and relates that a price is set upon the heads of Margaret and her son, and the punishment of death denounced to those who shelter or befriend them. Gerald makes a solemn tender of his fealty and devotion to the *good cause*; and the monk, by a sudden burst of empassioned loyalty, reveals himself to be the ardent and impetuous Somerset.

It is in the seventh canto that all the vivid imagination, all the strength of feeling of the poet display themselves. Things unearthly; the dark visions of futurity; and the shapings of a distempered fancy, are embodied with a tragic force which powerfully arrests the attention. The incantations of a wizard summoned by the ruffian Rudolph, bring before the view of the soul-harrowed queen, all the calamities which are to befall her race, together with the murder of her son.

“ But mark the queen!—the hue of death  
 Blanches her cheek!—her lab’ring breath,  
 Her hard-clasp’d hands, her blood-shot eye;  
 Speak nature’s utmost agony!  
 The cold drops on her writhed brow  
 Her heart’s convulsive struggles shew,  
 And—hark! that scream!—scarce can the ear  
 Its shrill and piercing echo bear!  
 Hold, monsters! fiends in human mould!  
 Oh, stay your bloody hands! remorseless monsters, hold!” p. 292.

The usuper Richard is thus spoken of :

“ With crowned head, and ermin’d robe,  
 Grasping the sceptre and the globe,  
 While a vile rabble’s uncheck’d tide  
 Roll’d after swells his regal pride,  
 Stalks slowly round the charmed ring,  
 What seems in act and state a king!  
 Amid the gems which deck his brow  
 Triumphant nods the rose of snow;  
 While, crush’d beneath the despot’s tread,  
 The red rose droops her blushing head!  
 What lightnings flash from Margaret’s eyes,  
 While ‘long live Richard!’ rends the skies!  
 For he it is, in shapeless frame,  
 Dark scowl, and halting step, the same,  
 Before him waves his well-known crest,  
 That symbol of his soul, the grizzly arctic beast!” p. 293.

We are not aware why Miss Holford calls the *boar* (the crest of Gloster, in allusion to which Lady Anne calls him ‘hedgehog’) the *grizzly arctic beast*.

We are glad to turn from visions of horror, to the refreshing scene of chaste endearment, in which Edward pledges to Geraldine the vow of constancy, and the tenderness of the maiden glows through the modest awe which fears to be matched with a king’s son. The lovers are surprised by a storm, and seek shelter in the cell of a hermit. With amazement the prince finds in the meek and lowly tenant of that cell, his father and his king!—The persecuted Henry blesses the union of Edward and Geraldine; and they depart from his retreat. Edmund, Rudolph, and Sir Gerald, return to urge the queen to leave the cottage, and throw herself on the protection of her friends. The Lancastrian party assume each a disguise, and depart on their route.

The eighth canto, the longest and most elaborate in the poem, recapitulates all the leading events in the calamitous contentions of the Houses of York and Lancaster; and shews us Margaret and her son at the court of France, waited on

by an embassy from the king-making Warwick, to propose an alliance between Edward and his daughter. The conflicting feelings of the prince, divided between a sense of duty to his people and a deep unchangeable passion for the lovely Geraldine; the ambitious scorn with which Margaret treats the remonstrances of his affection; and the generous disinterestedness of Geraldine, who gives up the world, and retires to a convent for his sake; are firmly depicted, and give great interest to this portion of the poem.

The ninth canto relates the cold unwilling nuptials of Edward and the fair Nevil; and soon brings us to all the pomp and circumstance of war—that most cruel of wars, waged in the heart of a divided nation.

The battle of Tewkesbury, fatal to the Lancastrian cause, and succeeded by the murder of the unfortunate Prince Edward, forms the subject of the tenth and last canto. It concludes with the curse of Margaret on the murderers of her son.

“ Monsters ! A mother’s curse lie strong  
And heavy on you ! May the tongue,  
The ceaseless tongue which well I ween  
Lives in the murd’rer’s murky breast,  
With goading whispers fell and keen,  
Make havoc of your rest !  
For ever in your midnight dream  
May the wan wintry smile, which stays  
On yon cold lips, appal your gaze ;  
And may a madden’d mother’s scream,  
Ring in your ears till ye awake  
And ev’ry unstrung limb with horror’s palsy shake !” p. 470.

The ordinary defect of tragedies and epic poems, which are almost invariably accused of falling off in spirit and interest, towards the conclusion, cannot be objected to this animated and masterly performance; the only considerable fault in which is, the occurrence of some defective rhymes, and occasional traits of bad taste, which disfigure some of the finest passages.

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ART. X.—*Bertram; a Poetical Tale. In Four Cantos.*  
By Sir EGERTON BRYDGES, Bart. K.J. M.P. Second  
Edition. London. Longman and Co. 1816. 12mo.  
pp. 86. 5s.

THE first edition of this poem, issuing from the author's private press, and restricted to a small number of copies, was but little known to the public. The present is, however, likely to be more widely diffused; and we regard every thing that proceeds from the pen of Sir Egerton Brydges as worthy of a certain degree of consideration and respect, however his genius may be tinged by the peculiarity of thought and morbid sensibility of feeling, which have been continually called forth in his life, during a chain of events sufficiently harassing in themselves to rouse the choler of the mildest and the resentment of the most forgiving. Sir Egerton Brydges must be well known to most of our readers, as a claimant of the Chandos peerage; and a claim which occupied the attention of the most able judges for several years, and was at last set aside rather from the patience of the inquirers into it being exhausted, than from any new light being thrown upon the subject, may reasonably be supposed to have impressed its justice on the mind of him who viewed it through the flattering medium of his wishes, so as to leave a strong sense of injury, when forcibly wrested from him, even to the exclusion of all future hope. Acute pressure on a single nerve will cause the whole frame to vibrate with the most painful emotion whenever the diseased part is put in action. So Sir Egerton Brydges, like the knight of La Mancha, though courteous, learned and discreet, when his peculiar notions are suffered to lie at rest, becomes furious and ungovernable at the very mention of certain names, which rouse his spirit of reformation as effectually as Don Quixote felt himself moved by the Moorish puppets to rise in defence of the peerless Melisendra. When viewed as extracting sweets from the stores of old English literature, as a bee does from flowers—not piling up rubbish, like some of our fashionable Biblio-maniacs;—as a genealogist, illustrating the barrenness of mere descents with the vivacity of personal anecdote and the interest of historical fact; as an observer of nature, the acuteness of whose remarks is heightened by exquisite delicacy of feeling; Sir

Egerton Brydges appears to peculiar advantage: but name a contractor, a nabob, a lawyer, or any other character which, according to his idea, forms one of the pests and disgraces of society, and instantly starting from the quiet retirement of literary leisure—throwing aside the contemplative garb in which his rational reveries had wrapped him, he mounts his steed, couches his lance, and rushes forth, to rid the world of the base caitiffs, who, as he thinks, incessantly watch to murder his fame, his fortune, and his happiness. His novels, though written with considerable elegance of expression, and energy of feeling, are little more than a detail of his own wrongs; his poetry is full of allusions to them; and even his criticisms partake of that bias which his mind has received from the peculiarities of his circumstances. The occasional starts of genius, however, ought to be patiently borne with, even when arising from causes much less apparent, by those who are admitted to regale themselves with its fruits. We may compassionate the disappointments of our author; with their effects we have nothing to do, but to excuse them: and to shew that even the wreck of such a mind as his will retain value in the eyes of the reflecting, we shall proceed to lay before our readers some of his remarks upon the character and end of poetry from his Preface to *Bertram*; which, if we may be allowed so to speak of prose, is the most poetical part of the whole performance.

“The character of genuine poetry is that of an art at once the most elevating and the most instructive; of an art which at the same moment lays open the noblest emotions of the bosom, and the most sublime conceptions of the understanding; which embodies the ideal part of our nature, and arrays the spiritual world in broad light before us; which illustrates that mysterious union of matter and mind, of corporeal imagery with intellectual sentiment, which forms all the glory, and only high enjoyment of human existence.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“To describe human nature in any of its most interesting shapes, struggling with virtuous passion, and bearing up with unbending though deeply afflicted heroism against unmerited misfortunes; to catch the colours which its mental suffering gives to the surrounding scenery, and to develop and depict the train of thought which is drawn forth in association with that scenery, is an employment as little unworthy of age as of youth.

“There are certain situations of character, passion, and imagery, which the human mind, if well endowed and well cultivated, always loves to contemplate; and whence it learns a lesson not only full of delight, but fertile in amelioration; calculated, as Pope beautifully says,

“To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,

“To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.”

Sir Egerton proceeds, in an eloquent strain, to analyse the various kinds of poetry to which affected taste and perverted judgment have of late given rise; and contrasts them with those genuine feelings and sympathies, which, disclaiming unnatural novelties of expression, are contented to excite an interest in the reader, by the force of the passions and affections which they describe. He then enlarges more immediately upon the subject of his own poem; which, he informs us first flashed upon him on a wet day in August, 1814, when he was far otherwise employed. The first hundred lines appear to have been poured out with a facility equal to that of Dryden, whom Sir E. professes to take for his model. The poetic fit lasted pretty strongly for some days; but it gradually slackened, and the poem was at last finished, after a long interval, with that languor and reluctance which too often leave imperfect the performances of such authors as can cease to write at the very moment when the employment ceases to give pleasure. Sir Egerton himself regrets the waste of long and precious years in desultory employment, the casual fruits of starts of fancy, or the idle industry of mere compilation. There are necessities which are wholesome in their severity. Had he been under their influence, he would not have shrunk from the dread of public criticism, so far as to confine his own labours to little more than a revisal of the labours of others, after the publication of his first original work, in a small volume of poems, in 1785.

We must now proceed to examine the merits of *Bertram*; and having already expressed our respect for the genius of its author, he will, we hope, forgive us for saying, that, in the production before us there are fewer marks of it than in any other of his performances. Like all Sir Egerton's heroes, *Bertram* is wonderfully melancholy; he seems, indeed, to think, with one of Ben Jonson's characters, "it is most gentlemanly to be melancholy;" for in all his novels this mark of distinction occurs. Arthur Fitzalbini, Le Forrester, and the lover of Mary de Clifford, are all sad alike, and maintain a most inflexible gravity of deportment. This Mr. *Bertram*, however, is described as silent and pensive from his childhood; which very naturally gives rise to a suspicion that he is a stupid fellow. The dull are often vain; and we are accordingly told that under this reserve and gloom lurked a passion for distinction, which he strives to obtain by keeping open house for all who choose to profit by his ostentatious

generosity; and then he is astonished to find his property inadequate to his expenditure. In one of those fits of ill-humour with the world, which are by no means uncommon to persons who have reason to be out of temper with themselves, he goes into the army, under the assumed name of Fitzjohn, not choosing to acknowledge his own whilst he is obliged to hold a secondary rank; by which we presume that his modest ambition meant to content itself by being made commander-in-chief. His high sense of honour, however, does not keep him from excesses and disgraceful company; though he is rescued from the consequences of misconduct, by a timely friendship which he forms with one more sedate, of the name of Norville; with whom he talks on themes of love, and exchanges compliments as to which of them is by nature most favoured with requisites to captivate the yielding fair. An engagement, however, puts an end to these matters of discussion. Bertram is left for dead upon the field; and the first canto closes with an eulogium upon his virtues by Norville, the truth of which we have not had the sagacity to discover. In the second canto we find Norville married to Lucasta, the long-cherished object of his affection, who seems to accept him as many other ladies accept lovers, because no one whom they like better is immediately at hand. She accompanies him, however, like a good wife, wherever his military duties call him; and listens to his rapturous accounts of Bertram till she begins to fancy he would have made a more agreeable husband than her own. At length they learn that Bertram is still alive, though immured in captivity; which, after some months of severe suffering, is lightened by the tenderness of the gaoler's daughter—an incident borrowed from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Two Noble Kinsmen," though narrated without either their spirit or delicacy. On hearing this, and finding his letters unanswered and his messengers detained, Norville forms the extraordinary resolution of sending his wife to gain tidings of his friend, and, if possible, to procure his release. This is effected, on her part, by treachery—the grand mover on such occasions. She cultivates an intimacy with the gaoler's daughter; is introduced by moonlight to the object of the damsel's affections, who has suffered himself to be led about by her for so many months like a pet-lamb; and then embraces the first opportunity, (and it is somewhat odd that one was so long in occurring,) to leave her to mourn over her credulity, and the perfidy of her new acquaintance. It

would be against all the rules of romance for Bertram not to fall desperately in love with the fair companion of his flight; and against all the rules of nature for Norville not to begin to blame himself for his excess of folly in exposing the safety and virtue of his wife, and the integrity of his friend, to trials of so severe a nature. The wanderers are now deliciously miserable; benighted, drenched in rain, stuck fast in the mud, scared with lightning, yet cheered with Platonic raptures, and ever and anon sinking into each other's arms, to renew their vows of inviolable chastity and unblemished honour. Unfortunately, Norville's dreams were treacherous enough to shew him the text without subjoining the comment. Influenced by them, he rushes forth to ascertain the truth; is driven by the same storm to the same cottage which has sheltered his wife and friend; and arrives at the very moment when, unluckily, the lady had just dropped asleep before the fire, and the gentleman, indulging himself in a long and unrestrained gaze upon her charms, is just raising her hand to his lips. We are told by the poet, that Lucosta at that instant was devoted, even in sleep, to her husband; and that the rapturous kiss of Bertram was only the pure tribute of respect to her impregnable virtue; but Norville was in no mood to judge their conduct or regulate his own by rules of chivalry. He saw and believed; and furiously running upon Bertram with his drawn sword, plunges it by accident into the bosom of his wife, and then sheaths it in his own. Bertram returns in despair to the hall of his fathers, and devotes himself to the melancholy for which he had early evinced a kind of prophetic predilection; and the poem concludes with the following moody truth, which no one can deny, and no one wishes to have forced upon his conviction oftener than he can help.

“ Not to the rich is happiness assign'd;  
Not to the high belongs the peaceful mind;  
Not by the gifts of genius or of fame,  
The shrines of bliss preserve the inward flame!  
Not talent, beauty, station, wealth, or birth;  
Not virtue's self can shield from wo on earth?”

Our readers will perceive that such a story has neither novelty nor probability to recommend it. The characters are drawn with a pomp which the circumstances in which they are placed are not sufficiently important to justify; and even the versification, though professedly on the model of the most easy and harmonious of all our poets, is often cramped by inversions and weakened by auxiliaries.

At the end of the poem is a short account, which will be read with pleasure by the lovers of elegant literature, of the works which have issued from the author's private press at Lee Priory. This is an intellectual luxury, which was first indulged in by Archbishop Parker, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at his palace at Lambeth; where he printed most magnificently a few copies of his own celebrated work on Ecclesiastical History. Horace Walpole followed so laudable an example, at his villa at Strawberry Hill; and the late Mr. Johnes of Haford has likewise given the public many interesting performances through the same kind of medium. We cannot conclude this article better than in the elegant language of Sir Egerton Brydges, who offers for literature an apology, which, though we cannot for a moment allow it to stand in need of one at any time, is so exquisitely expressed, that we should be glad to see assailants rise up against it, could we always insure it a champion as able in its defence.

"Whether literature be the pursuit to which it is wise to dedicate so large a portion of life as the editor has dedicated, may, perhaps, be strongly questioned. With him, it has been from very childhood a passion which, like all other passions, has left long intervals of languor and regret. It has thrown seductive flowers in the way of his ambition, and driven him away from the hard and unbending perseverance of business. But the past cannot be recalled; and though it may be acknowledged in the exquisite words of Cowley, that

'Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow,' yet it must be recollected that weeds also have been thus kept from springing up: and that he whose amusements have been at once innocent and refined, may look back without shame or great dissatisfaction."

Sir Egerton Brydges has no reason to be ashamed of any of his productions; for even their singularities are the effect of laudable, though perverted feelings; and the expression of them arises from sincerity, and never from malevolence, or that bitterness of feeling, which their strength and poignancy may sometimes cause one to suspect him of harbouring. He must look upon many of his productions with sufficient gratification to enable him to submit to the mortification of occasional failures; among which we think, upon a maturer degree of consideration, his own candour will not refuse to rank the poem of *Bertram*.

ART. XI.—*The Nithsdale Minstrel; a Selection of Original Poetry, chiefly by the Bards of Nithsdale.* Preacher and Co. Dumfries; Baldwin and Co. London. 1815.

THE title of this volume gave us at first an undue prejudice against its contents. Poems of a mere local nature, have commonly but little to interest the general reader; and whatever reputation they may have possessed in the district which gave them birth, like certain plants, they lose their beauty and fragrance when transplanted from their native soil. Our prejudice was, however, at once ill-natured and unjust.—The name of Nithsdale has a thousand poetical associations connected with it;—its streams, its mountains, and its picturesque ruins, have been immortalized by the muse of Burns. It was here that this favoured child of genius and of nature poured forth his parting lay; it was here that his talents were encouraged and rewarded; and it is here that his ashes repose. But, it will be asked, can this confer any intrinsic value on a volume of anonymous poetry? certainly not; and had not the volume possessed merits of its own, we should not have given it a place here. Of these merits we shall present the reader with a few specimens.

After a spirited dedication, in verse, to the ladies of Nithsdale, we come to the first class of poems, which consists of odes. This is generally allowed to be the most difficult species of composition. The great obstacle to it appears to lie in the imperfect nature of our lyric measure. Short stanzas of all kinds are too nearly allied to the ballad style; and the regular and irregular Pindarics require so nice an ear, so much attention and judgment in the mixture of the metres, so much warmth and energy to raise them above prose, and so much prudence to keep them from degenerating into mere bombast; that few have succeeded in writing them. Among those contained in this volume, “The Triumph of Ulysses” is entitled to rank as chief in point of merit; it is a very chaste and classical composition, and is, on every account, worthy of commendation.—It is night, and the bark of Ulysses nears the island inhabited by the Syrens. The scene is painted with much picturesque effect.

"Pale night had slowly drawn her robe  
 Of darkness round the drowsy globe,  
 Till, rising from the dark-blue sea,  
 The moon walked forth in majesty;  
 Then, not a star that gilds the sky,  
 But hung its trembling lamp on high,  
 Propitious to the steersman's eye.  
 The vessels, on the moon-track bright,  
 Seemed floating in a flood of light.  
 While, from the woods and shores around,  
 No ear could catch the slightest sound,  
 Save, now and then, of flapping sail  
 That seemed to chide the wanton gale;  
 And, but for plash of restless wave,  
 There was the silence of the grave.  
 When, hark! upon the ravished ear  
 Arose these notes distinct and clear.—

'Rest, weary sailor!—rest thy oar,—  
 These tranquil shores thy bark invite;  
 Oh! tempt the stormy waves no more,  
 Nor trust yon faithless fires of night.  
 In golden sands beneath the deep,  
 Now let thy wandering anchor sleep;  
 Here rest thee from thy many woes—  
 Here, wearied mariner, repose.' "

The measure changes, and the temptation to indulge in the rites of Bacchus is thus described :

"But then arose a lighter strain,  
 Joyous, brisk, and breathing pleasure;  
 Instant appeared a jovial train,  
 Dancing to the sprightly measure.  
 Fauns and nymphs, a giddy band,—  
 Vine-leaves soft their temples shading;  
 Each a goblet in his hand,  
 Sang—the sullen chief upbraiding.—

"Whither, warrior, dost thou fly,  
 Pleasure's temple passing by?—  
 Say, where dost thou hope to find  
 Joys like those thou leav'st behind?  
 Would'st thou shun corroding care?  
 Come—the gifts of Bacchus share.  
 What can cheer the anguish'd soul  
 Like the gaily brimming bowl?  
 Come with us—night's friendly shade,  
 For us, for us alone, was made.  
 While revels gay, and shout, and song,  
 To morning's verge the rites prolong  
 Then, at the very fount of joy,  
 Come, drink its stream without alloy!"

There is considerable spirit in the lines that follow, descriptive of the hurry and spirit-stirring alarms of the field : and the temptation to pleasure is painted with much seductive softness. The vessel draws nearer the fatal shore, when a warning voice is heard :

“ ‘ Ulysses, fly : nor pause to trace  
‘ Whence came that summons of disgrace.  
‘ Oh ! fly before the fav’ring wind,  
‘ Nor pause to cast a look behind.  
‘ Can all yon world of waves efface  
‘ The stain of anguish and disgrace ?  
‘ Can years—can ages—ere restore  
‘ Lost peace—lost virtue ?—never more !  
‘ Recorder stern of mortal crime,  
‘ The voice of conscience mocks at time ;  
‘ Tells when an age has roll’d away,  
‘ The errors of life’s earliest day.’

Warn’d by that voice, Ulysses blush’d to feel  
How soon the passions o’er the reason steal ;  
But Wisdom flew to aid her favorite son,  
And Conscience prais’d him when the deed was done.  
He gain’d the prize, obtain’d, alas ! by few—  
He rank’d the first, WHO COULD HIMSELF SUBDUE.”

Among the poems in the miscellaneous department, we are much pleased with that entitled ‘ the Admonition ;’ there is a paternal softness and pathos in it, that wins the reader’s heart without effort.

“ Auld Geordie sat beside his board,  
Wi’ routh o’ hamely meltith stor’d,  
Threw off his hat, composed his face,  
And just was thinking o’er the grace,—  
When a wee say, that chanc’d to pass  
Atween his wife and only lass,  
At once pull’d Geordie’s mind away  
To something, lang he wish’d to say.

He turn’d, an’ wi’ a fervent air,  
That weel bespoke a parent’s care,  
Soft, yet severe—though kind, yet keen—  
He thus address’d his darling Jean :  
Ah, lassie ! thou art a’ we hae,  
For Heaven has left us now nae mae !  
Thy every faut we grieve to see,  
For a’ our care on earth’s for thee ;  
If thou but ken’d by night and day,  
How for thy weal we wish and pray,  
How sair o’er thee our bosoms yearn,  
Jean, thou wad be a mindful bairn !

"Pale night had slowly drawn her robe  
 Of darkness round the drowsy globe,  
 Till, rising from the dark-blue sea,  
 The moon walked forth in majesty;  
 Then, not a star that gilds the sky,  
 But hung its trembling lamp on high,  
 Propitious to the steersman's eye.  
 The vessels, on the moon-track bright,  
 Seemed floating in a flood of light.  
 While, from the woods and shores around,  
 No ear could catch the slightest sound,  
 Save, now and then, of flapping sail  
 That seemed to chide the wanton gale;  
 And, but for plash of restless wave,  
 There was the silence of the grave.  
 When, hark! upon the ravished ear  
 Arose these notes distinct and clear.—

'Rest, weary sailor!—rest thy oar,—  
 These tranquil shores thy bark invite;  
 Oh! tempt the stormy waves no more,  
 Nor trust yon faithless fires of night.  
 In golden sands beneath the deep,  
 Now let thy wandering anchor sleep;  
 Here rest thee from thy many woes—  
 Here, wearied mariner, repose.' "

The measure changes, and the temptation to indulge in  
 the rites of Bacchus is thus described :

"But then arose a lighter strain,  
 Joyous, brisk, and breathing pleasure;  
 Instant appeared a jovial train,  
 Dancing to the sprightly measure.  
 Fauns and nymphs, a giddy band,—  
 Vine-leaves soft their temples shading;  
 Each a goblet in his hand,  
 Sang—the sullen chief upbraiding.—

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For Heaven has left us now nae mae!  
Thy every faut we grieve to see,  
For a’ our care on earth’s for thee;  
If thou but ken’d by night and day,  
How for thy weal we wish and pray,  
How sair o’er thee our bosoms yearn,  
Jean, thou wad be a mindful bairn!

' I've lately seen, and griev'd to see,  
 ' Your frequent rambles o'er the lea,  
 ' When gloaming draws her darkening screen  
 ' Around the holms and woodlands green;  
 ' When birds are singing in the grove,  
 ' And every note's a tale of love!  
 ' What gars ye daunder out your lane,  
 ' In wrapper braw and tippet clean,  
 ' Your hair comb'd up, fu' dink to see  
 ' And golden curls aboon your bree?  
 ' Ah, Jean! beware, my bonny bairn!  
 ' The love of virtue's hard to learn;  
 ' The pleasant way oft leads to death,  
 ' The adder lurks in flowry path.  
 ' I ken ye gae—an' grieve to ken—  
 ' To meet young Jamie o' the glen;  
 ' But gang na mair—I ken full weel  
 ' Your virtue's fair—your bosom leal:  
 ' But, oh my child! by night and day  
 ' Keep out o' sin and danger's way!'

We were much struck with the early promise of poetic talent exhibited in lines written by a youth on quitting school for America; and we were particularly pleased with verses on an evening view of the ruins of Lincluden; elegy on the death of the Duchess of Buccleugh, by Hogg; a parody on Lochiel's Warning; and 'the Frogs' Jubilee,' written on the departure of the French prisoners from Dumfries, in 1814. The author has humorously described the joy of the croaking tribe on being freed from their cruel devourers: a patriot frog is made to exclaim—

' Yes, many a time and oft mine eyes have seen  
 The carnage dire pollute these banks of green;  
 Have seen the eddies of my native tide  
 With the warm blood of half my kindred dyed;  
 Whose limbs on their unhallow'd tables plac'd,  
 Serv'd for their food, and form'd their dire repast!'

We cannot dismiss this volume, so various in its contents, and in general so select in the material that compose it, without expressing the pleasure we derived from the perusal of it; and we recommend it to our readers as one of the best miscellaneous collections of poetry that have lately come under our inspection.

## ART. XII.—THE REVIEWS.

1. *The British Review*, No. 15.—2. *The Quarterly Review*, No. 29.—3. *The Edinburgh Review*, No. 52.

TO the opinion which we delivered in former Numbers, on the principles of these Reviews, we have little to add: we therefore go on to point out the manner in which their professed principles are carried into practice.

Some late articles in the *British Review* exhibit considerable power, and a good deal of candour. We particularly allude to that on the state of academical discipline in England and Scotland. But nothing can be more puerile and contemptible than their articles on general literature, and on *poetry* in particular. Their dogmas are not supported by strength of learning, like those of the *Quarterly Review*; nor by ingenious sophistry, and eloquent metaphysical disquisition, like those of the *Edinburgh Journal*. They are all founded in an absurd and fanciful theory; and any thing which is very gaudy and glittering, whether it belong to the author of *Bertram* or of the *Fairy Queen*, is set down by them as pure poetry, because the “honeyed globules of language,”—the “daisies and dandelions of eloquence,”—are all that they look for: and if they find a passage clothed in magnificent words, they do not want to know what its meaning is, or whether it has any meaning at all—it strikes their fancy at first sight:—and this kind of Chinese painting pleases them as much as the works of more skilful artists enchant those of more cultivated taste and of riper judgment.

The first article in the present Number is on the *Women of Britain*: and nothing more pitiful can be conceived than the style and spirit in which it is written. It professes to be an answer to *Pillet's* publication; which, in all probability, like other French effusions of equal truth and elegance, would never have been heard of in this country, had not the *Quarterly Review*, with the same officious eagerness with which it unveiled the abominations of Captain Porter, dragged it into a temporary notice. The *Edinburgh Review*, which has not even hinted at its existence, has answered it best. It has been thought, however, by the author of this precious article, that it would make a good text for his me-

thodistical sermon: and he is right, for they are worthy of each other. He sets out with assuring us, that he has the greatest contempt for M. Pillet, and his 'vile and virulent nonsense'—and that he thinks it not worth answering:—however, he has been induced to undertake this pious labour by the consideration, that although nobody in the civilized world, except a Frenchman, believes what that worthy member of the Legion of Honour has been pleased to assert, yet that he wishes to add a "fresh motive to exterior propriety." This is very benevolent: and his gentle readers are therefore expected to excuse the length and the dulness of his discourse. He, in the next place, tells us of his hysterical terrors, when he sees "an English matron domiciled at Paris for the education of her children;" and of his utter abhorrence of all those ladies who "sojourn" in "the modern Antioch," as he learnedly styles the French metropolis. His spleen is next excited by the title of "fair," as applied to the female sex, because men are not called by the elegant appellation of the "robust," or the "dark sex." Then he complains that this is "an age of out-a-door delights and *ambulatory objects*." After a few common-place proverbs, or, in the more courtly phrase of the writer, "maxims,"—and an exhortation to the British ladies to imitate the "sea-monsters," he proceeds to execrate their conduct in not nursing their children after the manner of these accomplished mothers. He calls fine ladies, who do not take the "sea-monsters" for their patterns, by the elegant and figurative name of "ostriches,"—and goes on paying them a number of equally polite compliments. He talks of the "full-blown perversion of sentiment," "gay assurance," "intrepid stare," and "scanty covering," of their daughters: and, after learnedly telling us that they themselves are "antipodes to the forgotten natives of the nursery"—prophecies, that if women continue to read the poetry of Lord Byron, "one will be afraid of their *dressing after his model*," and of their "acquiescing in a Mahometan degradation of their character." To avoid the horrors of this dreaded fashion in dress, and their conversion to Islamism, the writer advises ladies to "act upon the hypothesis that they have souls as well as bodies," of the truth of which proposition it seems they are not at present satisfied; and to imitate the Lacedemonian mothers, who most laudably "kept up the Spartan discipline, even against nature itself." The British nation, he says, is, morally

speaking, in the hands of its writers: and that writer, he adds, "who warps one female mind from its proper direction, sacrifices, not merely the deluded party, but *whole hecatombs*, upon the altar of his muse." Some of our readers may know, perhaps, better than this writer, that a hecatomb signifies *a hundred oxen*. What then have *they* to do with Mr. Moore and Lord Byron? He next apostrophizes the reign of the Princess Charlotte and her consort in this fashion: "Happy sceptre! blessed potency!" and, after summing up all his previous sayings, concludes thus: "O that there may be found one sincere and honourable man or woman in the court of these princely personages, who will *make them hear of these things!!*" We believe the author to be sincere in these good wishes: but they need not be expressed in this sounding style: he need not overwhelm us with his magnificent metaphors, nor shock Christian folks by talking of heathen sacrifices of hundreds of oxen. He passes over without notice the elevation of Italian buffoons and French singers almost to an equality with the highest ranks in society; while the crime of a journey to Paris, atrocious as it is, is magnified, in the eyes of this gnat-strainer and camel-swallower, to the size of matricide. He does not, of course, in speaking of the "sojourners" in France, allude to those miserales, who have quitted this country to settle in that. No man who would not desert an aged parent and leave her to want, can look on the conduct of such persons without feelings of contempt and detestation:

*Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna.  
Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda, e passa.*

Inferno, c. 2.

In the writer's low estimate of the present system of female education, we entirely agree with him; and we think with him, that, instead of a smatter of knowledge, (just enough to prove its possessors of the family of the Surfaces,) or a few rules taught by some superficial governess, or other hireling, their minds should be early stored with more solid knowledge by their guardians, while seated round their own hearths; and that, above all, they should be imbued with deep feelings of reverence and affection for the Christian religion. Hannah More has laboured to impress this on the minds of all parents: and what has been her reward? She

has been stigmatized as a bigot and a Methodist. We may, perhaps, revert to this subject. Meanwhile we go on to the second article in the Review.

In the present age, we are expected by some to believe nothing, or to believe every thing. The fury of experiment has reached to every thing; and the method, which in natural philosophy secures the student from the attractive splendour of theory, and enables him to hold right on, with unhesitating step, till he arrive at safe and certain conclusions, has been applied to the science of the operations of mind. The seat of the soul was once an object of anxious research to philosophers; they at length fixed it in the pineal gland; and a new set of inquirers has arisen in our own day, who assert, with as much self-complacency and self-satisfaction, that the existence of life depends upon an *Archeus*, or powerfully subtle and mobile principle: and they talk very learnedly about Leyden jars, electricity, and magnetism. The very people, too, who refuse to receive the Christian religion, with all its evidences, both internal and external, do not hesitate to swallow all Mr. Murphy's stories, or rather those of the fabling Arabian historians collected in his book, with the most implicit faith: they deny what has often been most satisfactorily proved, if Christianity be concerned; but are very willing to believe in the existence of *Zehra*, and its fabulous magnificence.

The author of the article on the *Spanish Arabs* is one of these credulous persons: he quotes Mr. Murphy with all the confidence which he would give to Tacitus; and Florian's *Précis sur les Maures*, prefixed to *Gonsalvo*, is referred to with full belief of its authenticity as an history. We love to recur in imagination to those gorgeous scenes, where palaces rose, supported by columns of transparent marble and crystal, and decorated with statues of gold, and fountains of quicksilver; and to think of the gigantic powers of mind which produced the immense literary works, of which tradition speaks things almost incredible. But that any one should sit down, and collect all these romantic fables with enthusiasm, and relate them with as much precision, and enforce them with as much ingenious argument, as if they were matter of undoubted history, displays a perversion and a credulity as marvellous as the belief in the universal medicine, or in the philosophers' stone. We have said that we do not believe the greater part of these wonderful histories, and

our reason is, that the subjects of them exceed the limits of moral and physical power, in the present state of man: and however the imagination may delight to dwell on the beautiful fictions of Mr. Murphy and the Arabian historians whom he has followed, and to contemplate that constellation of mighty minds which has long since disappeared; yet we cannot help thinking, that those who believe in these splendid visions, would give their faith to any thing equally false, if equally glorious:—to the magnificent dream of Sir Thomas More, or to the Atlantis of Plato or of Rudbeck. The author of the article has followed Murphy as his guide, without venturing on a word in vindication of common sense: he has also followed him in his absurd, affected, and erroneous orthography of Oriental names and words. But we have done with this.

Spurinna follows. It is exceedingly meagre; but it contains a ludicrous blunder. It is said that “Bishop Hough is the *Cato of the drama*, who receives his friend and correspondent Gibson, then Bishop of London,” &c. There is nothing else very foolish in the article.

But the articles on poetry, as we have already hinted, bear away the palm, or rather the poppy, of dullness from all the others. In his review of *Christabel*, the writer talks of “chaotic originalities;” and says truly, that “every night-mare cannot be turned into a muse.” After going on in a rambling style for some time, he gives us the following polite sentence: “Mr. Coleridge is one of those poets, who, if we give him an inch, will take an ell: if we consent to swallow an elf or fairy, we are soon expected not to strain at a witch; and if we open our throats to this imposition upon our good-nature, we must gulp down broomstick and all.” He then proceeds to review the poem; or, as he more briefly phrases it, “And now for this poem of *Christabel*.” After quoting the worst part of it as a specimen of its beauties, he abruptly leaves it, to go to what pleases him much better;—*Bertram*, or *The Castle of St. Aldobrand*. This ingenious piece he analyses at great length, with a long dissertation upon “the murderous fellow of a Count,” as he emphatically styles Bertram.

The seventh article is on St. Helena. The writer, after communicating to us the new and important information, that the island “has picturesque scenery,” and a “fine climate,” and that it is “the Gibraltar of the South Atlantic,”—is

pleased to add, that "in the present day it has become a point of universal attraction, from its containing within its barrier the man or demon, whom the civilized world cast out of its inclosures.

" *Cacciarli i Ciel, per non essermen belli*  
 " *Ne lo profondo Inferno gli riceve.*"

This sentence is a little obscure to us. However, we suppose that the quotation from Dante is intended by the writer to bear some sublime allegorical representation of the fate of Buonaparte. Every one must see, how admirably it applies to that personage. The writer clearly gives to St. Helena the title of a *purgatory*, in which Buonaparte, after a short residence, shall be purified, and renovated; and from whence he shall go to ascend the throne of France, which is typified by "the heavens;" and he seems to think that he did not merit final reprobation, his crimes being only trifling matters, which could barely have sullied the face of purity. If we have guessed at the meaning of the oracle, we are fortunate: we really cannot think of any other interpretation. After this flight, it was to be expected that his *muse* should be fatigued, and tend towards the earth; and accordingly the remainder of the article is as dull and heavy as can be wished for by any sleepless valetudinarian. Thus have we seen a barn-door fowl, after ambitiously soaring two feet above its native dunghill, drop down, "lost in lassitude," and afraid of again venturing from that soil, on which it was destined to move in humble insignificance.

A very long article on the history of the Bible Society follows this: we have not been able to go through the whole of it; but it is written in a spirit of candour, and bestows a merited eulogy upon its laborious and eloquent secretary, the Rev. John Owen. The besetting sin of this review is evident even in an article of this kind: there is drawn a laboured parallel between the Bible Society and the Eddystone Lighthouse—which simile, according to the precept of the learned *Martinus Scriblerus*, is completely "run down."

In the review of the Sacred Songs of Thomas Moore, the writer tells us, that these compositions are not "marked by that spiritual unction which we look for in the honest effusions of a devout mind." Unintelligible as this is, it is surpassed by what follows: "The Jordan in which Mr. Moore has

immersed his muse, has not so washed out the stains of her leprosy," &c. Well may he say, that his objections to Mr. M.'s poetry run some hazard of "not being understood." To make himself "understood," he illustrates his argument by the "sensible fable" of "the Mouse, the Cat, and the Cock;" and obliges us with an abstract of this interesting and learned apologue. If he does not admire Mr. Moore's songs, however, he "finds all the charms of genuine poetry" in the Original Poems for Infants. As our readers may not be quite so familiar with these lofty strains as this learned person, we may be permitted to lay before them a single specimen of the poetry with which he is so highly "charmed."

"Do look at those pigs, as they lie in the straw;"  
Said Dick to his father one day;  
"They keep eating longer than ever I saw;  
"O what greedy gluttons are they!"  
"I see they are feasting," his father replied;  
"They eat a great deal, I allow;  
"But let us remember, before we deride,  
"Tis the nature, my dear, of a sow.  
"But when a great boy, such as you, my dear Dick,  
"Does nothing but eat all the day;  
"And keeps taking nice things till he makes himself sick,  
"What a glutton! indeed, we may say."

Of such high colloquies as this, and stories about drop-sical ducks, sentimental cows, and moralizing asses, garnished with a great deal of ostentatious religion, is this "poetry" made.

Mr. Southey's Lay next comes under the notice of these profound critics. It might be expected that the crouching servility, the blind and ferocious bigotry, and the innumerable absurdities in that performance, would meet with approbation from these virtuous and judicious censors; and accordingly they extol the first as *loyalty*, the second as *proper zeal for the church*, and the existence of the last evidences, with these ludicrously important Aristarchs, that Mr. Southey's poetry (as well as his politics) "improves as he grows older." The writer of this exquisite article then concludeth, that "if the royal bride who has inspired the lay will adopt the counsel it gives," (alluding, no doubt, to that memorable portion of it which exhorts her to "tread in the steady way of her father,") she will soon

"understand what it is to have the happiness of a people *multiplied into her own*." This, we doubt not, is a very great happiness, though we dare not profess to understand what it means.

Of the article on A Frenchman's Account of London, it is sufficient to say, that nothing more execrable can be conceived than the spirit which animates it; and that in one part of it, the reviewer finding himself incapable of answering an assertion of the Frenchman's, says, that "he does not feel disposed to enter, in that place, on a defence of the art," but that, in reply, he could with pleasure "box" the unfortunate author! May we be preserved from critics who use such forcible arguments as this! We now close this Number; and our readers, we think, from the specimens which we have selected from it, will agree with us that,

The force of *folly* can no farther go.

The Quarterly Review is in general free from the *absurdities* of the British Review; and if it outdoes the latter in servility and dogmatism, it possesses at least some qualities which preserve its insolence from becoming ludicrous. One of these is its learning; another is, its intrepid manner of expressing its indignation against those who boast of outraging morality. The British Reviewers, instead of this, assume the tone of sentimental Methodists; and beg, "if they may without offence," to be permitted to declare their "wish" for other things. The Quarterly Reviewers go too far; they condemn every-day vices in the same language with which they would raise their voices against parricide or infanticide. Their declamations receive a certain point and an additional tincture of savageness, when they are directed against a political or a natural enemy; while if the offender be of a certain rank, or of their own side in politics, they pass him by unnoticed, or, where silence is impossible, endeavour to defend him without the least regard to truth or modesty. The lines in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, in which Zimri is described, present a more vigorous portrait of the Quarterly Reviewers than we can attempt: they are in every one's memory.

The article on *La Vendée* is ably written; but it breathes a most uncharitable spirit of hatred of the French nation; and the writer takes every opportunity of acquainting us with his equal detestation of the Catholic religion.

That on the *Antiquary* is very feeble, and in some places very absurd. The writer is pleased elegantly to tell us, that "the story of the novel is not very novel, nor yet very probable." He then gives a brief sketch of the story, taking care to render it as obscure as possible by mis-spelling the names of the characters. Next he presents us with that part of the novel in which Edie Ochiltree is described as having "a slouched hat, a long white beard," "a brickdust complexion," and "a long blue gown;" which the writer obligingly informs us is a "living portrait of a singular class of the Scottish poor." Now a "long white beard," which is mentioned as one of Edie's attributes, and "brickdust complexion," might belong to any person as well as to a Scottish beggar; and how these exterior things can present a portrait of any "singular class," is to us incomprehensible. He then says, after quoting the account of the funeral, that "the Grecian painter's veil is not so natural and touching as the poor fishwoman's apron,"—talks sublimely of the "overwhelming march of time," and immediately after, in an humbler strain, of the "change of manners;" in all which he follows the rule laid down by the celebrated Martinus Scriblerus (*περι βαθους*, chap. xi.), and lauds and envies those readers of novels who "begin at the end," as they have had a signal advantage over this learned person, who, with singular benevolence and patience, regularly "laboured on through" what he is pleased to call "the dark dialect of *Anglified Erse*."

The article on the Poor is powerfully written; and we can speak of it in terms of almost undivided praise. But however great may be our respect for the learning, our reverence for the genius, and our love for the tenderness and amiableness of its reputed author, we cannot pass it without vituperating the sordid and fanatical bigotry which makes him absolutely abhor all forms of religion but that of the Church of England. He recommends, to be sure, that children should be educated: but it is on the sole condition that it be in the principles of the established church. To some parents this would be a laceration of conscience not to be borne; and of some so educated, when they grew up in a form of worship which they considered not conformable to their notions of scripture, or to the dictates of conscience, it would make furious sectaries. These are the people whom the church has to dread: it is from among those who have

been educated in her faith, and who fancy their eyes opened to her errors, that the Dominicks and the Loyolas may be expected to spring!

We now take up the Edinburgh Review. It is really refreshing, after our ears have been fatigued with the dulness of one review, and stunned with the fanatical dogmatism of another, to turn to one in which true wit and true learning are to be found.

The splendid eloquence and profound philosophy of the articles on *Novels*, on *Schlegel*, and on the *Literature of the South*, are in every one's memory!—In the present Number, the article on *Goethe* is written with much sarcastic vivacity, and in a spirit of sound and deep-viewing philosophy. In the article entitled "Cashiering of Kings," an evident argument, drawn from the deposition of the Kandian Tyrant, is applied with irresistible force. That too on the barbarians of Algiers, is a series of powerful arguments for their annihilation. In the commencement of a review of the "City of the Plague," the writer vindicates himself and his critical brethren from the charge of severity; for it seems they "have often thought it unnatural to say, or to think, any thing harsh of the innocent and irritable race of Poets," and they have "always manifested the greatest tenderness and consideration for the whole tuneful brotherhood." Those who remember their treatment of the "innocent and irritable" Mr. Montgomery, and a few similar cases, may perhaps be inclined to think this a little controvertible: but the article in which this apology is made for the gentleness and tender mercies of the Leviathan of Literature, breathes so mild a spirit, that we cannot help assenting to any thing—and yet Mr. Wilson stands in no need of "the operation of lenient principles."

The *Story of Rimini* is the last piece noticed in this Number: it is written in a superb style; but we have several reasons for not agreeing with the sentence of the Northern Oracle. We have, in a former number of our Journal, delivered a somewhat favourable opinion of this production. But the Edinburgh Review has lavished all its gorgeousness of praise upon it. We think the affectation of Mr. Hunt so intolerable, his uncouthness of phrase so prominent, and his innumerable sins so wilfully committed, that we cannot help censuring the operation of the partialities of friendship in this case, however much we may respect the talents of one.

who has touched upon every thing, and left nothing that he has touched, unadorned.

The Edinburgh Journal is free from imitation, and from imitators; but the Quarterly Review seems to be the "great example" which the writers of the British Review have set before themselves. In the practice of the courtly virtue of servility, they already follow the great masters of the Quarterly Review with equal steps; and although they have not yet acquired their tone of supercilious dogmatism, yet in time this too may be expected, for they possess the same cant of sentimental morality with which the Quarterly Reviewers set out. The Quarterly Review, however, never talked of "allusions that adumbrate deformity," of "out-doors delights," of "happy sceptres," of "chaotic originalities," of "sacrificing hecatombs," and such learned matters: it never recommended the imitation of the "sea-monsters" to fashionable mothers; it never evidenced its acquaintance with natural history by likening ladies to "ostriches:" it never said that there was any danger of "a Mahometan degradation of their character:" it never likened the island of St. Helena to *Dante's* Purgatory; and, however intrepid may have been its experiments on common sense, it never ventured to produce "Watts's Psalms," and the "Original Poems" for the Nursery, as irrefragable proofs of the existence of piety and the presence of poetical inspiration.

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# Monthly Register

OF

## ARTS, SCIENCES, AND LITERATURE.

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\* \* \* *The Conductors of the AUGUSTAN REVIEW request scientific and literary men, and also Editors and Publishers, to favor them with authentic information relative to inventions, discoveries, and improvements in Arts and Sciences; Notices of works preparing for publication, and of those recently published; which will be thankfully received, and communicated to the public in the subsequent Number, if sent to the publishers (post paid) before the 20th of the month.*

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### I.

#### INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### *Coal-Mines.*

SIR H. DAVY has published some additional observations on his *Wire-gauze Safety-Lamps*, to which we have frequently drawn the attention of our readers. He has found that double cylinders of wire-gauze, so arranged that the wires are parallel to each other, are preferable to the single ones; for they occasion very little loss of light, and greatly diminish the heat when the fire-damp alone is burning within the cylinder. The double cylinders have never been known to become red-hot; besides which, they have double the strength of the single ones.

He farther observes: "In adopting from 30 to 26 apertures to the inch, (from 900 to 676 in the square inch,) and wires from  $\frac{1}{32}$  to  $\frac{1}{16}$  of an inch in thickness, even single lamps are secure in all atmospheres of fire-damp; and double cylinder lamps are perfectly safe under all circumstances, even in atmospheres made explosive by coal-gas, which, from the quantity of olefiant gas it

contains, is much more inflammable than fire-damp. When, indeed, a strong current of coal-gas is driven from a blow-pipe, so as to make wire-gauze of 676 apertures strongly red-hot in the atmosphere, the flame from this pipe may be passed through it whilst it is strongly red-hot; but this is owing to the power which wires strongly ignited possess of inflaming coal-gas; and they have no such effect on genuine fire-damp; and a stream of gas burning in the atmosphere, acting on a small quantity of matter, is entirely different from an explosive mixture, which is uniform within the lamp."

He annexes two letters, in testimony of the merits of the safety-lamp: one from JOHN BUDDLE, Esq., dated Newcastle Colliery; the other from Mr. PEILE, dated Whitehaven. Mr. BUDDLE says, among other things: "The only inconvenience experienced, arises from the great quantity of dust, produced in some situations by working the coal, closing up the meshes of the wire-gauze, and obscuring the light; but the workmen very soon removed this inconvenience by the application of a small brush."

"Besides the facilities afforded by this invention to the working of coal-mines abounding in fire-damp, it has enabled the directors and superintendants to ascertain, with the utmost precision and expedition, both the presence, the quantity, and the correct situation of the gas. Instead of creeping inch by inch with a candle, as is usual, along the galleries of a mine suspected to contain fire-damp, in order to ascertain its presence, we walk firmly on with the safe-lamps, and with the utmost confidence prove the actual state of the mine.

"By observing attentively the several appearances upon the flame of the lamp, in an examination of this kind, the cause of accidents which have happened to the most experienced and cautious miners is completely developed; and this has hitherto been, in a great measure, matter of mere conjecture."—(*Phil. Mag.* No. 219.)

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In our last, we gave a short account of the method of ventilating mines, proposed by Mr. RYAN. In the Philosophical Magazine for July, there is a paper on the same subject by Dr. JAMES WATT, of Glasgow. He observes, that inequalities in the roof or floor of the mine may be a means of retaining the explosive gas, in spite of a current of air passing through the mine; and he proposes a plan which he imagines will be more effectual—viz. to ventilate the mine by mechanical means, by a blowing apparatus of some sort; either to force a quantity of air into the mine, by which the foul gases may be displaced, or to extract those gases out

of the mine, while common air will replace them spontaneously. The latter method he considers to be the more eligible. He then describes the apparatus which he thinks would be best adapted for the purpose: we shall copy a few sentences from it.

“The principle of the FAN, OR FANNER,—the WINNOWING APPARATUS, seems free from all objections, and possesses the greatest advantages. It transmits a great quantity of air. Its movement is rotative, and hence it can be attached to the gin or gig employed in raising the minerals, and even placed on the same axis, so that the expense of construction will be trifling. It acts by a centrifugal principle, and hence its powers of transmitting air can be augmented to any assignable degree. It is only needful to increase the diameter of the circle and the power, and to make the entrance and exit for the air of suitable capacity. It can feed either from one end of the axis or from both; hence either end may be inclosed, or tubes may extend from both ends to different parts of the mine.—The fan, thus employed, might obviate all danger, both while the works are forming, and afterward: and it is fitted to obviate all the interruption of ventilation from inequalities in the roof or floor of the mine. It is even suited to supersede the necessity and expense of forming more shafts than one to a mine; at least for the purpose of ventilation; for this might be effected by means of a tube carried down in one side or angle of a single shaft, and extending to the various parts of the excavation below; and, in extensive mines, several fans might be used with combined effect,” &c.

#### *Torpedo.*

Mr. J. T. Tonn, late surgeon of H.M.S. Lion, while stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, in the year 1812, made some experiments upon that singular fish, the Torpedo, which has the power of electricity; and an account of them is published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1816. The torpedo of the Cape differs in no respects from those found in the northern hemisphere, except by not being so large. The colour of the animal is various; the upper surface being generally hazel-grey, reddish brown, or purple; the under surface greyish white, yellowish white, or white with black patches.

“The shocks received from the torpedos which I examined,” says Mr. T. “were never sensible above the shoulder, and seldom above the elbow-joint. The intensity of the shock bore no relation to the size of the animal, (sensation being the only measure of intensity,) but an evident relation to the liveliness of the animal, and *vice versa*. The shocks generally followed simple contact, or such irritation as pressing, pricking, or squeezing, sometimes im-

mediately, and sometimes not until after frequent repetition. Not unfrequently, however, animals apparently perfectly vivacious suffered this irritation without discharging any shock. There appeared no regularity of interval between the shocks. Sometimes they were so frequent as not to be counted; at other times not more than one or two have been received from one animal; and, in a few instances, it has been impossible by any irritation to elicit shocks from some of them. When caught by the hand, they sometimes writhed and twisted about, endeavouring to extricate themselves by muscular exertion, and did not, until they found these means unavailing, discharge the shock. In many instances, however, they had recourse to their electrical power immediately."

Mr. T. then proceeds to describe the various experiments which he made; and from them draws the following conclusions:

" 1. That the electrical discharge of this animal is in every respect a vital action, being dependent on the life of the animal, and having a relation to the degrees of life, and to the degree of perfection of structure of the electrical organs.

" 2. That the action of the electrical organs is perfectly voluntary.

" 3. That frequent action of the electrical organs is injurious to the life of the animal; and, if continued, deprives the animal of it. Is this only an instance of a law common to all animals, that by long-continued voluntary action they are deprived of life? Whence is the cause of the rapidity with which it takes place in this instance? Or is it owing to the reaction of the shock on the animal?

" 4. That those animals, in which the nerves of the electrical organs are intersected, lose the power of communicating the shock, but appear more vivacious, and live longer than those in which the change has not been produced, and in which this power is exerted.

" 5. That the possession of one organ only is sufficient to produce the shock.

" 6. That the perfect state of all the nerves of the electrical organs is not necessary to produce the shock.

" 7. From the whole it may be concluded, that a more intimate relation exists between the nervous system and electrical organs of the torpedo, both as to structure and functions, than between the same and any organs of any animal with which we are acquainted. And this is particularly shown,—1st. By the large proportion of nerves supplied to the electrical organs: and, 2dly, By the relation of the action of the electrical organs to the life of the animal, and *vice versa*."

*Tunbridge Wells Water.*

Dr. Scudamore has published an analysis of the above mineral water. A gallon of it was found to contain

Of gaseous matter .....	13·3 cub. in.
Of saline matter .....	7·68 grs.

The gaseous matter consisted of

Carbonic acid .....	8·05 cub. in.
Oxygen .....	0·50
Azote .....	4·75

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13·3

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The saline matter consisted of

Common salt .....	2·46 grains
Muriate of lime .....	0·39
Muriate of magnesia .....	0·29
Sulphate of lime .....	1·41
Carbonate of lime .....	0·27
Oxide of iron .....	2·29
Trace of manganese and insoluble matter .....	0·44
Loss .....	0·13

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7·68

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*Caversham Waters.*

An analysis of the mineral waters of Caversham, a village in Berkshire, is published in the 44th Number of the *Ann. Phil.*

“When first drawn, (says the writer,) the water is transparent and colourless. Temperature 53° Fahr. Emits slightly the smell of hepatic air. Taste, primarily chalybeate, secondly sulphureous. The water, after a lapse of a few hours, loses its transparency, assumes a brown muddy appearance, and the inner surface of the glass in which it is contained is partially covered with air-bubbles. By longer standing, it loses its sulphureous smell, the surface becomes covered with a thin iridescent pellicle, and a precipitate appears adhering to the sides of the vessel.”

“Results. 300 cubic inches.

*Gaseous Contents.*

Carbonic acid gas .....	33 cub. in.
Sulphuretted hydrogen gas..	4

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37

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*Solid Contents.*

Carbonate of soda.....	10 grs.
Muriate of soda .....	6
Carbonate of iron .....	18
Carbonate of lime .....	9

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43

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"*Quære.*—In how far is the above applicable to the purposes of medicine?"

*New Comet.*

Some observations by Dr. Olbers, a German astronomer, respecting a comet which was discovered by him last year, are published in No. 219 of the *Phil. Mag.* It was discovered on the 6th of March, 1815, and remained visible till the 25th of August. Professor BESSEL has calculated the perturbations which this comet will undergo before its next return. "According to its regular elements," he says, "it ought to come again to the perihelion on the 14th of May, 1889; but, on account of the perturbations, this event will take place 824·51 days earlier, that is, on the 9th of February, 1887; consequently our successors may expect its return three or four months before or after the 9th of February, 1887."

*Feet of Insects.*

Sir Everard Home has read a paper to the Royal Society, on the structure of the feet of those animals that can walk contrary to gravity. It appears that some insects have two, others three, *suckers* on each foot, which are put in action by the voluntary muscles of the insect. Some insects have their feet supplied with a kind of elastic ball, which serves to break the violence of their fall from long leaps; and the grasshopper in particular is furnished with this sort of defence.

*Hygrometer.*

Mr. Daniel Wilson, of Dublin, has taken out a patent for a new Hygrometer contrived by him:—He takes the urinary bladder of a rat, and ties it firmly to the lower extremity of a thermometer-tube. The bladder is then filled with mercury; and the instrument is suspended in a glass-vessel, together with a quantity of strong sulphuric acid, in order to render the atmosphere as dry as possible. The dimensions of the bladder diminish somewhat, in consequence of which the mercury rises in the tube. This instrument is so delicate, that the approach of the hand makes it

sink several degrees. Mr. Wilson has made comparative estimates on them for more than a year, during which time they corresponded correctly with each other, and did not at all alter their nature.

#### *Moon-Stone.*

This mineral is found chiefly in the Island of Ceylon. It is of a white colour, and has always been arranged by mineralogists with felspar; but its true mineral characters had not been ascertained, nor had it undergone a chemical analysis. Dr. Thomson has examined a specimen of it, "and the result leaves no doubt that it is perfectly pure felspar. When broken, it appeared foliated with a double rectangular cleavage; a property which is well known to characterise felspar. Dr. Wollaston took the specific gravity of a fragment, which did not weigh much more than half a grain, and found it to be 2.6; which is as near the specific gravity of adularia, namely 2.564, as could be expected with so small a fragment. The chemical analysis led to nothing new. It exhibited silica, alumina, and potash, as in common felspar; but my experiments were made on so small a scale, that I do not choose to state the proportions which I found, for fear of misleading others." (*Ann. Phil.* 44)

#### *Steam-Engines.*

The average work performed by thirty-three engines in Cornwall, in the month of May, was, according to Messrs. Leans' Report for that month, 20,897,040 pounds of water, lifted one foot high with each bushel of coals consumed. During the same month, the work done by Woolf's engine at Wheal Vor was 49,555,244; and by his engine at Wheal Abraham 56,917,312 pounds, lifted one foot high with each bushel of coals.

By Messrs. Leans' Report for the month of June, the average work of twenty-eight engines was 20,884,326 pounds lifted one foot high with each bushel of coals; and during the same month Woolf's engine at Wheal Vor lifted 43,161,819; and at Wheal Abraham 51,476,482 pounds of water one foot high with each bushel of coals consumed.

#### *Sulphat of Magnesia.*

Dr. HOLLAND, F.R.S. lately communicated to the Royal Society, an account of the manufacture of the sulphat of magnesia, as carried on at *Monte della Guardia*, near Genoa. This mountain is about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, and abounds in veins of copper and iron pyrites, and contains great quantities of magnesian limestone. The manufactory is small, and is situated

about 1600 feet above the level of the sea, where the ore is dug out of the mountain, from a funnel-like excavation. It is first roasted for eight or ten days with a wood fire, and then dissolved in water, and the sulphats of iron and copper crystallised. About one per cent. of the magnesian lime is then added, and the sulphat is formed, which in Italy is called *sal inglesa*. The peculiarity of the process is the exact quantity of the magnesian lime that must be used; for if too great, sulphate of lime would be produced, and if too little, no sulphate of magnesia would be obtained.

*Temperature of various Countries.*

We have already referred to M. Humboldt's valuable Paper on the Laws observed in the distribution of vegetable forms; in tracing which, this indefatigable Philosopher and Naturalist found it necessary to attend to the temperature of the various regions, in order to account for the differences which these forms presented. In doing this he observes, France extends from  $42\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  to  $51^{\circ}$  of latitude; and on this extent of surface the mean annual temperature varies from  $16^{\circ} 7'$  to  $11^{\circ}$  of the centigrade thermometer. The mean heats of the summer months are from  $24^{\circ}$  to  $16^{\circ}$ . In Germany, which is situated between  $46^{\circ}$  and  $54^{\circ}$  of latitude, the extremes of mean annual temperature are  $12\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  and  $8\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . The mean heats of the summer months are  $21^{\circ}$  and  $18^{\circ}$ . The immense extent of North-America presents the most varied climates. For the latitudes  $35^{\circ}$  and  $44^{\circ}$ , the mean annual temperatures are  $16^{\circ}$  and  $7^{\circ}$ .

The researches of this philosophic botanist prove the vagueness of what has generally been said relative to the great diminution of temperature in the southern hemisphere, without distinguishing between the different parallels of latitude, and regarding the division of heat among the various seasons of the year. The following paragraph contains the substance of his observations on this head.

From the tropic of Capricorn to the parallel of  $34^{\circ}$ , and perhaps still further, the mean temperatures of the year do not differ much in the two hemispheres.

On taking a view of the three continents of New Holland, Africa, and America, we find the mean annual temperature of Port Jackson, (lat.  $33^{\circ} 51'$ ) to be  $19^{\circ} 3'$  of the centigrade thermometer: that of the Cape of Good-Hope, (lat.  $33^{\circ} 55'$ ),  $19^{\circ} 4'$ : that of the town of Buenos Ayres, (lat.  $34^{\circ} 36'$ ),  $19^{\circ} 7'$ . This equality of temperature nearly under the parallel of  $34^{\circ}$  in the southern hemisphere may appear singular; but meteorological observations of still greater accuracy prove that, in the northern hemisphere, under the same parallel of  $34^{\circ}$ , the mean annual temperature is

19° 8'. On advancing towards the poles, even as far as 57° of latitude, the temperatures of the two hemispheres differ less in winter than in summer. The Malouine Islands, in 51½° of south latitude, have less intense cold in winter than is experienced at London. The mean temperature of Van Diemen's Land is about 10°; and it never freezes so much during winter as to destroy the fern-trees and the parasite orchideæ. In the adjoining seas, and 42° of south latitude, Captain Cook did not see the thermometer fall below 6° 6' in July, the midst of winter. Summers of remarkable coolness succeed these mild winters. At the southern extremity of New Holland, (lat. 42° 41',) the temperature of summer, in the middle of the day, seldom exceeds 12° or 14°; and in Patagonia, as well as in the adjacent ocean, (lat 48° to 58°,) the mean heat of the warmest month is only from 7° to 8°; whereas in the northern hemisphere, at Petersburg and Umeo, (lat. 59° 56 and 63° 50',) these temperatures often exceeds 17° and 19°.

Humboldt then concludes his valuable essay with observing, that it is the mild temperature which the southern countries, situated between 30° and 40° of latitude, enjoy, which permits the vegetable forms to pass beyond the tropic of Capricorn. They embellish a great part of the temperate zone; and the genera which the inhabitant of the northern hemisphere regards as exclusively belonging to the tropical regions, present numerous species between 35° and 38° of south latitude.

#### *Meteorology.*

Results of Mr. John Gibson's observations, at Stratford, Essex, from June 23 to July 16.

Winds variable: for the most part Westerly.

#### BAROMETER.

Greatest height.....	30·07 inches.
Least .....	29·54
Medium .....	29·816

#### THERMOMETER.

Greatest height.....	78°
Least .....	46
Medium .....	60·3

Evaporation, 3·62 inches.

Rain, 5·13 inches.

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II.

**WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.**

A new Edition of Mr. Harmer's Observations on various Passages of Scripture, with many important Additions and Corrections, by Adam Clark, LL.D., F.S.A. will be published in a very few days, in 4 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Charles Bell will soon publish, in octavo, *Surgical Observations on Cases in Cancer.*

The first volume of a new and splendid Musical Work has just been published in Edinburgh, entitled *Albyn's Anthology*; or, a National Repository of original Scotch Music and Vocal Poetry: principally compiled by Alexander Campbell, Esq., and assisted by Scott, Jamieson, Hogg, &c.; who have each contributed several original and beautiful Songs, adapted to those ancient and truly interesting melodies.

Abraham Lockett, Esq. Captain in the East-India Company's Service, is preparing for publication, *Travels from Calcutta to Babylon*; including Strictures on the History of that ancient Metropolis, and Observations made among its Ruins; illustrated by engravings.

A new and correct Edition is in the Press of a Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris; with an Answer to the Objections of the Hon. Charles Boyle. By Richard Bentley, D.D. To which will be added Dr. Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Themistocles, Socrates, Euripides, and others; with the Fables of Æsop, as originally printed, and with occasional Remarks on the whole.

The Rev. Thomas Maurice, Author of *Indian Antiquities*, has in the press, in quarto, *Observations on the Ruins of Babylon*, as recently visited and described by Claudius James Rich, Esq. resident for the East-India Company at Bagdad.

M. Devisscher, from the University at Paris, has in the press, *Grammaire de Lhomond*, or the Principles of the French Language; grammatically explained in twelve Lessons.

Mr. Luckcock, of Birmingham, has in the press, *Sunday-School Moral Lectures*, interspersed with a variety of Anecdotes.

Mr. W. C. Oulton is preparing for the press, in three volumes, a Continuation of Vietor's and his own History of the Theatres of London; it will include a period of Twenty Years, which, in consequence of the Conflagrations, O.P. War, &c. will make it highly interesting.

Mr. Henry Koster will soon publish, in a quarto volume, Travels in Brasil, from Pernambuco to Serara; with occasional Excursions, and a Voyage to Maranam; illustrated by plates of Costumes.

The Pastor's Fire-Side. By Miss Porter, Author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, and Scottish Chiefs. In 3 vols. 12mo. will now shortly appear.

The Rev. G. G. Scraggs has in the press, Theological and Literary Essays on a variety of Practical Subjects in Divinity, and interesting subjects in Literature.

In the month of October will appear, a new Edition of the Rev. Sir Adam Gordon's Sermons on the Homilies, in two octavo volumes, revised, corrected, and enlarged by the Author, and dedicated, by permission, to the Bishop of Lincoln.

In a few days will be published, a very limited Impression of Lowman's Rationale of the Hebrew Ritual, 8vo. This much esteemed work has for some time past become so scarce, as usually to sell for *seven times* the price at which it was originally published.

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III.

**WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.**

**ANTIQUITIES.**

Monastic and Baronial Remains; with other interesting Fragments of Antiquity in England, Wales, and Scotland. By G. J. Parkyns, Esq. 2 vols. royal 8vo. 4*l.* boards.

**ARTS AND SCIENCES.**

Annals of the Fine Arts, solely and exclusively devoted to the Fine Arts, No. 1, (to be continued quarterly) price 5*s.*

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A Memoir of Major General Sir R. R. Gillespie, Knight, Commander of the most honourable Order of the Bath, &c. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* boards.

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Dr. Ryland's Memoirs of the late Andrew Fuller, with Portrait, 8vo. 12*s.* boards.

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**Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London.** Vol. VII. Part 1. 10s. 6d. boards.

**An Introduction to Comparative Anatomy and Physiology; being the Two Introductory Lectures delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons, on the 21st and 25th of March, 1816.** By William Lawrance, F.R.S. 8vo. 6s. boards.

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**A View of the present Condition of the States of Barbary; or an Account of the Climate, Soil, Population, Manners, &c.; with a Description of their Mode of Warfare.** By W. Janson. Illustrated by a new and correct Hydro-Geographical Map, drawn by J. J. Assheton. 5s. boards.

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